

# *THE American Girl*

DECEMBER 1945

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# THE American Girl

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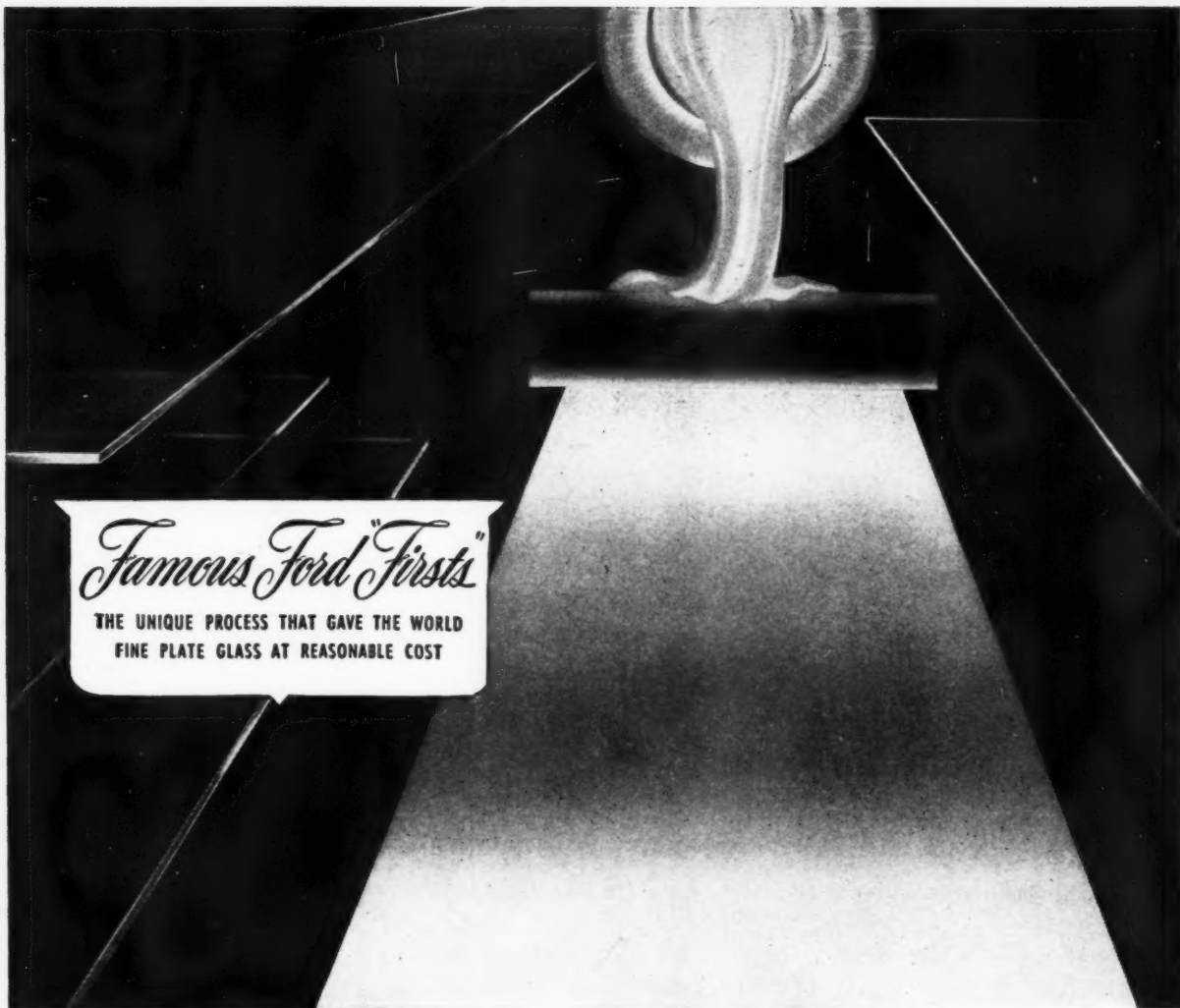
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# Clover Creek

## PART ONE

BETTY LEE and her dog stopped by the fence and looked in at the grassy cotton rows.

"We ought to find work on this farm, Rompy," she said.

She liked the even lay of the land. She stood resting, imagining how it would be to own such a piece of ground. But for a sixteen-year-old, that was only a dream. She brushed at her overalls, and picked up her roll of belongings.

The brindled dog followed her in at the wagon gate, and up the drive. The house looked worn. But it had a rock chimney, and trees to protect its roof. Chickens scattered at the sight of the dog. A tall, angular man appeared in the doorway. He held a slab of meat and a biscuit, and munched as he stared.

"Better keep that hungry hound off them hens," he warned.

"He's not hungry. He's naturally lean."

"Like you, I reckon." He brushed crumbs from his mustache. "What you after?"

"Work in the fields. You need a hand mighty bad."

"Need two or three dozen. One wouldn't do no good. My old woman's down in the field now, chopping."

Never had Betty Lee seen such luxury. The water ran hot and cold and the soap smelled of roses!



**Here it is—your exciting new serial! Meet Betty Lee Carter,  
a girl who can take trouble on the chin—who has  
enough pluck to handle all the adventure coming her way**

**by NANCY PASCHAL**

Betty Lee drew an excited breath. "With you and me—that would make three, all told."

"I been feeling too poorly to work in this Texas sun." The man turned to go in.

There went her last chance, and it was nearly sundown. Betty Lee called after him, despairing. "Do you know of any other work around here?"

The man reappeared. "Across that side road," he admitted. "Mrs. Martin wants a boy to help around the greenhouse and in the nursery. But he'd have to know about botany. You ain't a boy."

Why would a woman want a boy to work in a nursery? Betty Lee considered her mother's young ones, of stair-step ages. Her mother, in a shack in the river bottoms, depending on her to find work. "I'm experienced with kids," she thought. "I could do better than a boy."

"You don't know nothing about botany," said the man.

Betty Lee frowned. Botany, she believed, was a flannel for making babies' clothes.

"I do know."

She thanked him and set off down the drive. The idea, she thought, of wanting a boy in a nursery! It seemed to her, trudging along the road, that the woman didn't know what was good for her.

**A**HEAD, under trees, she made out a corner of white picket fencing that enclosed about five acres. At the far side of the plot, a cottage nestled in shade. She had understood the man to say that it was a green house. But it was white. She noticed long rows of plants. She didn't know what they were. Not vegetables. Flowers, maybe.

A sign over the driveway read: "Martin's Nursery." Perhaps the woman made a business of caring for other people's babies. At the porch, Betty Lee knocked on the top step.

Presently the screen door opened, and a plump woman looked out.

"Good evening," Betty Lee made her voice confident. "I heard you need help in the nursery."

The woman came to the steps. She looked capable, with firm lips and bright hazel eyes.

"Ever done this sort of work?"

Had she ever taken care of babies! "Yes'm. For years."

The woman's glance swept from brown-gold braids to worn brogans. "You

couldn't have been at it many years. I'd have thought you were a boy, except for those pigtails."

"I need work as bad as any boy."

"I don't doubt that. But this takes muscles." She half turned to the door.

Betty Lee talked fast. "I'm strong. Would you try me for my keep?"

Mrs. Martin's smile was skeptical. "Come down to the garden. We'll see how much you know."

Betty Lee followed with misgivings. Across the lawn, beyond some saplings, she stopped, speechless, at the sight of a low building made almost entirely of glass. Within, rows of potted plants met her gaze. An odor of heavy, sweet blossoms assailed her. It was a warm bower, and all at once Betty Lee understood. This was what they called a greenhouse, because it was filled with growing plants. The acreage, she realized, was planted in flowers. Mrs. Martin's nursery had nothing to do with children.

In the garden, Mrs. Martin said, "Are you lucky at rooting cuttings?"

Betty Lee had never rooted a cutting. She felt terrified of losing her chance at the job.

She found her voice. "I like flowers." That was true. "Some pretty wild flowers grow where I live."

"Where is that?"

"Eight miles back along that road. My father left, hunting work, and hasn't come home. Mother and the children are depending on me. I'm the oldest."

"You're young to be on your own. But

## **COMING NEXT MONTH**

**BECKY LINTON**, doing a bit of quiet detecting to recover her lost purse and clear up the mystery of a strange girl named Mabel, finds herself smack up against a bigger problem involving Allen High. Read about Becky's little flyer as a sleuth in

## **"Becky and the Youth Problem"**

**by Loula Grace Erdman**

if you're experienced at this—" She indicated a plant at her feet. "You know the hibiscus?"

Betty Lee got down on her knees to the unpronounceable plant. If she could only know something about it! Miraculously, at the touch of the stem, she knew the plant!

"There's a field east of here full of these! They're pink."

"So they are. I have many native plants in my catalogue. People in other States like them."

"Wild flowers? They buy them?"

"I'll say! I don't pack and ship them for fun."

Betty Lee thought hard. "Do you have yellow violets to sell?"

"You don't know where the yellow ones grow?"

"But I do! I've seen them near where we live."

Mrs. Martin beamed. Betty Lee longed to name other surprises. She jumped up.

"You know the purple flower that blooms in a spike? I know where white ones grow."

Mrs. Martin mused, then exclaimed, "It must be gay-feather. Tell me your name, baby."

"Betty Lee Carter."

"Well, Betty Lee, I believe you can botanize—"

Romp's barking, directed toward a man across the field on the bank of the creek, interrupted them.

"That's my father. He's been fishing." Mrs. Martin told the dog to hush. "I like your looks. I think, too, you're a flower lover. Though you couldn't have had any experience, I'm sure."

Betty Lee blushed. "I got mixed up." She hesitated. "What is botany, anyhow?"

"It's the study of plants. I have books, if you'd like to read up on it."

Betty Lee smiled. Books held magic. They were keys to an adult world.

Mrs. Martin said, "I'll try you a day or so, and if you catch on, I'll pay you five dollars a week, with room and board."

Betty Lee's lips fell open. She had never hoped to earn so magnificent a sum.

Mrs. Martin misunderstood. "That doesn't interest you?"

"Oh, yes'm!"

"I have a sixteen-year-old daughter in private school in town. And a son in first-year agricultural college. We're lonesome. My father and I will be glad to have a young person around."



"Sorry if I scared you," said Bob, starting the motor. "And by the way, what's your name? Mom didn't tell me"

"What's her name?" asked Betty Lee. "Janet."

"Is she pretty, like you?"

"She's pretty, but like her father. He died when she was two years old."

The sun had gone down. Mrs. Martin tested the soil around a plant. "We must do some watering." She added, "You'll have to get rid of the dog."

Betty Lee stood stricken. Get rid of Rompy? He was all she had to love for her very own.

"If I took him home, he'd follow me back here."

Mrs. Martin straightened in displeasure. "He'd be digging up my flowers. This isn't a hobby with me—this is my living. Flowers and dogs don't go together."

Betty Lee put a hand on Rompy's head. "Won't you let him stay?" Her voice broke with pleading. "He's a good dog."

"There isn't any such thing," Mrs. Martin shook her head with exasperation. "I'm willing to take a chance on you. But I'm not going to get stuck with a dog."

There was no mistaking her firmness. Even Betty Lee, with her forlorn hope, saw that Mrs. Martin meant it. She became aware of dampness drifting in from the creek. It would soon be night. She turned from the field of flowers.

"I wish I could stay," she said to Mrs. Martin. She had no idea of giving Rompy up.

They started back along the path.

Mrs. Martin said, "We'll be having dinner soon. Will you stay for that?"

Betty Lee's back stiffened. She wasn't so very hungry. "Thank you, but we'd better be on our way."

She walked through the gate, dazed. Past the boundary of picket fencing, the road stretched ahead. But Betty Lee had lost heart. Rompy was exploring the

creek that curved around the Martins' property. She followed, looking at the bridge marker, which read: "Clover Creek."

The white rock gleamed beneath shallow water. It was already getting dark.

"I'm not the first one to sleep without a roof," Betty Lee reminded herself.

Behind the Martins' cottage, a white rock wall had been thrown up to hold the soil. Betty Lee boosted Rompy to the top of it and climbed up. There was a shed behind the house. In its shadow she stretched out. . . .

Betty Lee became conscious of a low growl—Rompy's usual warning. She sat up. It was day! Rompy was standing between her and a small, bent man who appeared shaky with age. Evidently he had been on his way to the chicken pen with a pan of scraps.

Betty Lee scrambled to her feet.

"Come here, pup." The man offered the pan of scraps, and the dog made short work of them.

"That's a fine dog," he said. He was Mrs. Martin's father, he told Betty Lee. His name was Elias Anderson. "This is the kind of dog we ought to have. I scolded my daughter last night—"

His daughter appeared then. "Come in and get your breakfast," she invited Betty Lee.

**B**ETTY LEE was awed by the beautiful kitchen.

"Would you like bananas and cream, with toast and coffee?"

Betty Lee nodded, overcome with gratitude. The bananas and cream proved to be real. Soon Mrs. Martin took twin slices of toast from the electric toaster. Betty Lee accepted coffee and butter and strawberry jam.

"Will you let me wash the breakfast things for you?" She touched a finger to

the cream pitcher. "Such pretty dishes!"

Mrs. Martin smiled. "You enjoy doing dishes?"

"Yes'm."

"You're not like my daughter. But then, she's in school. And she has her practicing."

"What does she practice?" Betty Lee asked.

"Music." Mrs. Martin sat down at the table. "Janet has a lovely voice. She has looks and poise."

Betty Lee listened in slow wonder.

"Customers should be driving in," Mrs. Martin broke the silence. "The women come out from town early. I've been having a run on rock-garden plants."

"Do you have a rock garden?"

"Yes, my son built it. Bob's a help in testing the soil. But I tell him he's just a plain dirt farmer."

"That's what I am," sighed Betty Lee.

When Elias Anderson came in, he found Betty Lee at the sink.

"You got no business chasing a dog like that off," he told his daughter.

She dried a plate. "You know how dogs are, Dad, around flowers."

"Turn him away and you won't prosper," he said.

His daughter eyed him in amusement. "You're hankering to have him on the place."

Betty Lee scarcely dared to breathe. Even to her, it sounded as if Mrs. Martin might give in.

Elias Anderson filled his pipe. "We need a dog to give the alarm."

"Alarm for what?" his daughter sniffed.

"Possums—things like that."

Betty Lee stood twisting the dishcloth.

Mrs. Martin faced her father with a resigned expression. "I might have known the jig was up, the minute you laid eyes on that dog."

Betty Lee drew a free breath. Mrs. Martin's glance (Continued on page 44)

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER





Illustrated by JANE HUTTENLOCH

EVER since she could remember, Janet had wanted to be a dancer. Nothing else had seemed to matter. There had been only this desire-filling her mind and dreams to the exclusion of all else. Happily her slender fingers tightened on her own bare shoulders and she gave herself an ecstatic hug. Tonight her dream of being a star was to come true.

Leisurely rubbing the toes of her pink ballet slippers in the resin box, grinding the amber jewel of resin into a sticky yellow powder, she drank in the spicy fragrance which welled up around her. It made her feel important. Only professional dancers used lump resin. Janet looked across the stage and smiled at Peter Drummond. In a few moments now she was going to dance the leading role in his first properly produced ballet, "Fantastic Freedoms." Her career was begun.

She wondered if Pete was as excited as she was. He didn't look it, though his red hair was a trifle more rumpled, his keen blue eyes a trifle brighter than usual behind his thick spectacles, as he went over the light cues with the electrician. Janet smiled a little, secret smile. Pete was a regular fellow. All the girls were crazy about him, but Janet was sure he meant more to her than to any of the others, because he felt the same way about dancing that she did, though his greatest interest was choreography—ballet arrangement.

ALL through high school they'd worked together in the dingy gym. Hundreds of long sunny afternoons had she spent doing combinations of steps which Pete dreamed up and wrote down, while Miss Hilton banged out the music. Janet had missed out on lots of games and dates and movies, but she hadn't minded. Indeed, it pleased her when the other girls accused her of keeping Peter out of circulation; but it was really he who insisted on working alone with her all the time.

Now Janet's heart was thumping noisily in her ears. It almost drowned out the music the orchestra was playing. She seemed to hear Pete's voice again, as the piano sang out a waltz phrase which introduced her solo. "It's yours, kid," he said, "all yours." Nobody's going to understudy you. If you don't dance it—it just won't get danced." Was that confidence in her ability or wasn't it? That it was justified, Janet knew; the part belonged to her. Peter had created it for her and she was sure that no one else could dance it as well as she could.

Pete waved a hand. He was going out front. She knew where, by the way he



**It was Janet's own ballet. She knew every step as well as she knew her name. But when it came to dancing for a big audience would she have what it takes?**

licked his forefinger and counted imaginary bills. She smiled—or tried to. She hoped Pete would be proud of her tonight. Strange how cold and silent and dark it seemed backstage all of a sudden. Her lips were stiff, and it was difficult to breathe. Whatever was the matter with her?

As the stage slowly darkened, she knew. She had stage fright. This was the second time in her life that the dreadful, paralyzing sensation had frozen her body and blanked her mind. The first time, back in the studio, it had gone away when Pete had spoken sharply to her. She wished he were here now.

She sighed helplessly. She should be practicing, for the time for the curtain to rise was drawing near, but she couldn't seem to move. Her strength was all drained out of her. It was then that she became aware of the tightness in her chest. She swallowed to see if it would go away. It didn't.

The stage was unnaturally quiet. It was empty, not a dancer in sight; even the electricians and stagehands had vanished. Only one blue light was burning. From where she stood in the wings, M. Stakine's voice came to her oddly muffled and strangely accented. He was before the curtain, welcoming fond parents and explaining the new ballet. M. Stakine was the head of American Dance Arts, and this recital was the biggest moment of the whole school year. Many talent scouts from movie studies, from Broadway musical shows, even from the famous New York model agencies, would be in the audience.

**T**HE damp, musty backstage smell nauseated Janet. She wasn't breathing right; her breath wouldn't go in and come out of her lungs; it stayed high in her throat and fluttered there quick and shallow. She pressed a hand hard against her breast and forcibly drew a deep breath. Suddenly she realized that she had been staring at the girls grouping themselves on stage without seeing them.

M. Stakine arrived backstage with a smile; the cascading notes of the two pianos in the pit floated in with him as the curtains parted, were muffled again as the drapes flung their folds together.

"Janet, what are you doing left-stage? You enter from here." Monsieur was speaking to her from the right-hand side. She put one hand nervously to her head, knocking her headdress slightly askew,

and crossed the stage to him with the jerky tread of a puppet.

"Anything wrong, Janet?" M. Stakine looked at her anxiously, pinched her ear to cheer her up, and straightened her headdress, as if she were a pretty doll. "The big moment," he whispered as the curtains unfolded. "Martin, critic of the 'Herald' and Lucille Manner, editor of 'Dancing' are in the audience. I see also scouts, managers, and many teachers as well as mammas and papas. You must dance well for me, little one. I depend on you." The words tumbled out. They meant nothing to Janet.

Girls and scenery were now bathed

in clear, pale moonlight. The pianos blended happily. "Fantastic Freedoms," the new ballet by Peter Drummond, youngest of modern choreographers, had begun. Janet watched dully. Incredible that those neat steps should suddenly acquire such charm. How could those perfectly commonplace girls be transformed into such lovely dancers? She could hear the *sh-sh-sh-shing* sound of the box toes, the rustle of moving skirts, the quickened breathing of the dancers as they kicked and jumped.

The audience heard only the gay rhythm, saw only the quick-moving figures, the twinkle of pointed toes. They did not know, as Janet did, when a breathless dancer turned aside a little to hide the heaving of her breast, or held her breath almost to strangulation rather than give the impression that what she had done required any effort. Tania, the second lead, floated in on her toes.

"Look. She takes the spot like a  
(Continued on page 22)

**Janet was still dancing when the storm of applause thundered across the footlights**





George Miles Ryan Studio

Eighteen-year-old Pat McBride, star air-lines announcer, has voice volume, mike poise

# Signs

scheduled—is sweeping the country, and even the rosier prophecies made by the experts may soon look conservative. Add to this the whole field of industrial aviation—the other major branch of nonscheduled flying—with its great opportunities for American initiative and ingenuity, and you'll see there's no ceiling on the size of the cheerful statistics for the whole industry of flight. There may turn out to be plenty of room for all the veterans and all the girls too. But take no chances, and chart a careful course for your career in one of the three major divisions of the flying game: air-line, or scheduled flying; private flying; and industrial flying.

**I**S AVIATION your meat and drink these days? Is flying the first thing you think of in the morning and the last ditto at night? Are you reading everything on the subject you can lay your eager fingers on, eavesdropping shamelessly when your big brother and his gang get together for some plane talk, and fidgeting in the movies until the test-pilot part begins? If, in addition, you constantly watch the changes in the weather through narrowed eyelids (like a seasoned airwoman) and spend your Saturdays biking out to the airport to get a close-up on what gives, then the flying bug's got you—and bad!

Maybe you've just caught a mild case of the fever from your best friend, and it won't last any longer than an attack of chicken pox. But if the symptoms persist and no cure proves effective for that fly-or-die feeling, you'd better investigate the chances for your future.

Actually, if you're dead-set on a career in the flying business—and work hard and get the best training going—then there's no telling how high you may end up. Competition from veteran pilots returning from a global war will, of course, be tremendous, but then, so are the possibilities for the future development of the whole aviation industry! Already, now that the shooting's over, an unprecedented demand for flying—both private and



Girls are good teachers and flight instruction is interesting work. The student in this picture will soon be flying solo

# S in the Sky

by CHARLES E. PLANCK

**Thinking about a job in aviation? Here's the lowdown on a girl's chances, the answers to her questions, and plenty of new ideas straight from an expert in the field**

Now all you need is the training. Luckily, beginners' courses are available today almost anywhere in the country. First requirement on the list is, naturally, familiarity with the general subject of flying—and more than half the high schools in the country are offering students that opportunity. They've designed courses for air-minded young people on subjects ranging all the way from the scientific principles of aerodynamics (plane talk for what makes an airplane fly) to background courses on the social significance of this Air Age of ours!

"Air education" is, in fact, growing and improving fast, under the brisk and careful guidance of two Government agencies with whose names you are already familiar: the United States Department of Education, and the Civil Aeronautics Administration. These agencies are urging every school to recognize what the growth of flying is going to mean to every member of every Jones family, living on every Elm Street, in every Anytown. And if the Anytown high school doesn't teach aviation subjects, these two agencies are doing all they can to help get such courses started. In some cases, students themselves have taken the initiative in petitioning for courses in aeronautics in their high schools, and some States—notably Tennessee and Wisconsin—have gone so far as to make actual flight experience available for each high-school aviation student. No, air education isn't a problem these days.

But now let's get down to brass tacks,

and talk about what jobs a girl like you can really look forward to in aviation.

Chances are, you may feel the top job, from the point of view of interest and excitement, is actually flying planes. And disappointingly enough, the prospect for a career here is not a bright one for a girl and a beginner. Reason? Simply because as many as 350,000 pilots will soon be home from the wars, with the law right behind them when it comes to preference in the matter of jobs. Add to these veterans the 125,000 pilots already in this country, and you have more skilled pilots than there are likely to be jobs for right there. So you can easily see that there's not a very bright chance for gals to hold the stick.

**I**F you find this hard to believe—especially after all our talk about the expanding aviation industry—let us tell you about the situation faced by members of the famous WASP (Women's Air Force Service Pilots). These girls were trained by the Army, at a cost of many thousands of dollars each, for service pilot jobs—ferrying planes, flying tow-target planes, carrying important messages, and so forth. Many of them fly as well as any good male pilot, and they have proved, once and for all, that women can fly any planes which men can fly.

But these girls—most of them—even today cannot get flying jobs. Their best chance lies in becoming instructors, for women are good teachers in a classroom

(Continued on page 42)



CAA photo

Busy air traffic centers like this keep tabs on the location and progress of all planes in flight within a control area



United Air Lines

To wear this girl's shoes you'd have to know your math and science. She's an air-lines engineer, expert in construction



It's an ill wind that blows no good—  
which is exactly what Kit  
discovered that wild day on the lake

# Captain Kit



by MARJORIE CINTA

**L**EANING forward, Kit could see a school of perch flashing where the sun slanted down through the clear water. If she only had a fishing rod—but it was too hot to go up to the house for one. And if she did go, there wouldn't be any fish by the time she came back, anyway. So she continued to slump lazily on the dock, swinging her brown legs back and forth above the water.

A screen door slammed and her mother's voice floated down from the porch. "Sure you don't want to go to town with us, Bunny?"

"Gosh no," she shouted back. "It'll be hot as blazes in town!"

"Ken's going to drive me," her mother called. "He wants to have Charlie, at the garage, look at the distributor. We'll have some lunch at the tearoom. Don't get into mischief, Bunny."

Kit ground her teeth as she waved good-by. She couldn't deny that her brother Ken was a little older than she—but why should a scant two years give him such an advantage? Everyone treated Ken as grown-up, but no one ever seemed to remember that, after all, she was nearly sixteen. Ken could drive to town—or anywhere else for that matter—but she was not permitted even to back the old car into the barn. Dad let Ken roam all over the lake in the beautiful brass and mahogany *Kittyken*. But when she had suggested that she knew the lake every bit as well, and could manage the

*Kittyken* just as expertly, Dad had been horrified.

"Good night, Bunny!" he had exclaimed with feeling. "I wouldn't have a moment's peace in the city if I thought you were running around in the *Kittyken*—a kid like you. You know as well as I do the kind of storms that come up in the twinkling of an eye on Lake Champlain. You'd probably lose your head in an emergency. You're not going out alone. Understand?"

**K**IT brought both heels back against the dock with a force that shot a tingle halfway up her legs. She swung around a bit to look at the *Kittyken*, moored securely between the ell of the dock and the shore, and was aware of the hum of a motor vibrating across the water. A small boat was heading diagonally across the lake from Barn Rock Harbor. Before she could really distinguish its occupants, Kit knew it was Biff Summers and Ray Tabor, coming back from a swim in the bottomless, icy water at the foot of the old ore mine. She swallowed on a very unKitlike flutter around her heart, and wished that she had changed to her new green slacks. But Ray only raised an arm in greeting, singing out, "Hi, Bricktop," as he cut across the bay.

A flutter of pink on the Lester dock

at the next point caught Kit's eye. "Elaine, the Lily Maid," she thought disgustedly. The Lesters and the Turners had been summer neighbors all Kit's life, but she and Elaine had never seen eye to eye. Elaine had played sweetly with dolls in the shade of the porch, while Kit skinned her knees climbing apple trees. Elaine had raised her dainty eyebrows when Kit, hot and dirty, had trudged down from the Armstrong farm in the wake of Ken and his gang, boasting that she had milked three and a half cows. Elaine had splashed about, squealing, near the shore, while Kit made even Ken, the best swimmer in the group, put forth extra effort to outdistance her. And Kit had pitched such a neat curve that the boys had always been glad to have her on their team.

**N**ONE of Ken's crowd had ever bothered with Elaine then. But now they fell over themselves to chase her wild tennis balls, paddle her about the lake on moonlight nights, and date her for the club dances, while Kit was just one of the gang—a good sport, whose smashing serve kept a man on his toes. Oh, she had plenty of dates to play tennis or go to the movies, but up to now she would have howled her head off at the thought of being paddled about by an adoring swain, and she had always regarded a Saturday night dance at the club as a complete washout as far as she was concerned.

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER



But all this summer, although she would have had her tongue torn out by the roots before she admitted it, way down in her secret heart, she had wanted Ray Tabor to ask her for a date. This was Ray's second season at the lake. He liked to play tennis or swim with Kit; but when it came to a real date, complete with corsage and trimmings, he turned to dainty, feminine Elaine.

Even at this distance, by the way the

wind fluttered Elaine's pink dress, Kit could imagine how crisp and unwrinkled it was. She thought she could see spotless white shoes flash in the sun, and pictured carefully arranged hair and a daintily powdered nose. She glanced ruefully down at her own dirty sneakers and shorts, rumpled from a swift set on the tennis court with Ken.

The sound of the motor died on the still air. Kit could see the boys' boat

floating idly in front of the Lester dock. "We're going to Essex, Beautiful," Ray shouted. "Want to come along?"

Elaine's reply came clearly across the water. "Oh, Ray darling, you're perfect-  
(Continued on page 28)

Ray reached down to help. "You're a super sailor, Bricktop!" he said admiringly. And Kit's eyes shone with the glow of triumph





Cecelia's work turns up in all the best places—it's on our own December cover!

**W**E NEED three dozen angels and six of those little cherubs," said the long-distance voice from Cleveland.

Cecelia Staples pushed her blue harlequin glasses down, pulled a yellow pencil out of her up-do hair, and scribbled the order down on a piece of tracing paper. She sat in her New York office, on a silver chair with a heart-shaped back and a turquoise satin seat. On the lamb's fur rugs in front of her desk her poodle "Ruggles"—who goes with her everywhere—looked just like a rug himself. "Anything else? Any Santa Clauses?" she said.

Evidently the voice from Cleveland said no, and the fantastic phone conversation ended.

Only it wasn't fantastic to Cecelia. It was business. Everyday, ordinary, and very profitable business. Show window and store display. For since October, when the rest of us were thinking about Halloween, Cecelia has been knee-deep



This business now employs a hundred people. Many are teen-age art students

*Photographs by Michael Caputo*

in angels and cherubs and Christmas tree ornaments and boxes which look like presents but aren't, because they are empty.

These are the things she and her partner, Ira Smith, design and make to decorate the stores for you. Sounds weird, doesn't it? It is. And what's weirder still—it grew out of Cecelia's interest in art—and paper dolls.

When Cecelia was ten she had the fanciest collection of paper dolls on her block. You'll have to take her word for this, but she should know. Today, at 29, she is queen of the paper doll-plus world.

Her paper dolls-plus turn up in the

very best store windows, the very best places. Places that even a movie star would bake a cake to get into. Places like—you've guessed it—the December cover of this magazine.

They've turned into shiny angels soaring against a heavenly blue net background in a department store window—and everyone has stopped to look. They've turned into teen-age jitterbug girls wearing the latest thing in sweaters and socks—probably even in the very store where you've bought your clothes.

They've also made Cecelia "a successful young businesswoman," made her a mint of money, and they've made a name for her in the display field.

# PAPER DOLLS

## PLUS

by JOAN YOUNGER



Another gay paper mannequin that all but talks. Note her soft hair and swing skirt

But before we go along like Henny Penny and tell you about how they've also revolutionized the store-dummy business and put humor into stuffy showcases, we'd better get back to the beginning fast and tell you how all this came about. When we've done that we're also going to give away a few trade secrets and tell you how to make the fancy paper dolls their designer calls paper sculpture.

The secret we can't tell, of course, is Cecelia's special designing talent. That whimsical, happy-go-lucky touch that makes her firm's figures distinctive. What we can tell you, however, will give you a chance to try out your own talent along this line and while you're at it, make a

snazzy decoration for your room, or some party place cards. Fact. You'll see.

Cecelia wanted to be an artist. Even when she was in kindergarten she had a special sketchbook for her cherished crayon pictures of a dog, a house, or teacher. As she grew up, she took her art urge out on her dolls. Fancy clothes, little shoes carefully cut and glued, ribbon hats. And her paper dolls—they all but walked and talked. Designing paper dolls taught her that she liked to "paint" with a pair of scissors as well as she liked to paint with a brush.

ton Square, the main street of that old arty section of New York, and hang them up on fence, tree, or easel for all the world to see. Anyone who has a thumb-tack, nail, or the patience to hold a picture all day, can display his art there.

The pictures can be good, bad, or just plain giggly. They can carry any price tag the artist thinks—or hopes—the picture is worth, be it 25 cents or \$250.

Cecelia sold hers cheap.

"You could have bought a humdinger for \$1.00," she says. "And I would have been pleased as punch."

Then she started selling them at \$18.00. So did her best friends at the art school—Ira Smith and Irving Sherman. The three were a team, and even when Ira married Cecelia, the team wasn't broken.

Nor did marriage stop Cecelia. She went right on making her pictures, sometimes with scissors, sometimes with paint, and always with a great desire to sell them. When she had graduated from Pratt Art School, she started taking them to department stores to be resold to other people. The picture department refused them point-blank.

"Too extreme," they said. "Try the display department."

And they were right. Her first sale outside the art show came when a Fifth Avenue department store bought two of her pictures of fuzzy-headed little Victorian girls. They paid \$25 for them too—just 25 times as (Continued on page 51)



This lovely window display—shiny angels against a heavenly blue net background—made Christmas shoppers stand and stare

WHILE she was in high school in New York, she went on drawing and cutting. Her teachers sometimes despaired at her inability in mathematics and literature and said what teachers have been saying since the first day of school and will probably be saying on the last. "It's not that she isn't intelligent—she just doesn't apply herself."

So, although her family persuaded her into one year of college, it wasn't too hard to persuade her father to let her switch the second year to art school.

"I wasn't anything special in art school," Cecelia says candidly. "I just liked it better. Nobody thought I'd be a great artist at anything. The teachers were very nice and suggested advertising drawing. Most of my pictures were more designs than pictures anyway. But I liked them."

And so did some of the people who visited the Greenwich Village outdoor art show. Every spring, the village artists cart their precious paintings to Washing-



For the biggest dance of the season consider a rusty taffeta with soft, puff sleeves, becoming neckline, comfortable skirt. Choose a clear, singing color; add a strand of pearls or demure black velvet dog collar. Under ten dollars, Murray Oliphant

Photographs by Larry Gordon

# HOW TO BE A



You'll feel uncomfortable and look silly if you try to be a siren before your time. Too much sophistication will bring forth boos—not beaux!

**E**VER walk into a room, crowded with people, when you thought you looked pretty close to superlative? Ever give one horrified, blushing glance around, to find you were superlative, all right—superlatively wrong? If this has never happened to you, you've either been born with a wreath of four-leaf clovers and rabbits' feet in your hair, or you're a girl with that wonderful blessing—a real sense of style. If you're either of these, this article isn't concerned with you. It's about the other ninety-eight out of a hundred of us who, thoughtlessly, can get into the most embarrassing sartorial scrapes.

Anyone with good taste and two minutes to stop and think can generally avoid any such uncomfortable situation. The over-all rule of dressing is easily condensed into three words: comfortable, suitable, becoming. Let's take them up one by one.

Comfortable—well, does it feel like *you*? Is the dress or suit or blouse well-fitting? If not, skip it. Get another style, size, or shape. Are you the girl who's happiest climbing a tree, building a fire, scrubbing a skillet, or taking the innards out of her brother's jalopy? Then chances are you'd feel miserable in fluffy ruffles, slinky satins, or frothy tulle for dress-up occasions. But there are always suitable clothes with good, simple lines that you can substitute, and in which you'll probably feel at home.

Are you a pink-and-white girl who has soft curls and likes to do fine embroidery or read poetry? Then wear soft, pretty clothes. Don't try to get yourself up in sturdy, rough tweeds. You'll feel swamped.

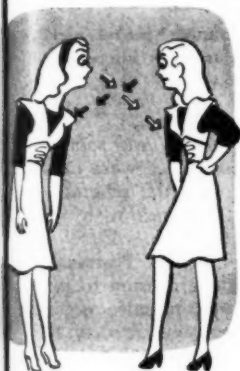
Are you slick, smooth, and never happier than when you're running the affairs of the class? Wear simple suits or dresses, bright scarves, and restrain your notion that a lot of jewelry is good this year. Maybe it



# SMART GIRL

by JOAN TARBERT

**You'll love us forever for bringing you these secrets of good clothes sense. They're easy on the I. Q. and on the pocketbook**



**If it's an accident, all right. But don't deliberately copy anyone. It might lose you a friend**



**Too much stuff, too much junk, adds up to an appearance of much too much girl**

is, but fussy little odds and ends will drive you crazy.

Suitable—well, you don't want to go on a hike in high-heeled, suede sandals and a thin silk dress, do you? Contrariwise, you don't want to go off to church in a plaid lumber jacket and blue jeans. You'll wear a sweater and skirt or a tailored dress to school, but not to the big buffet supper and radio dance. That's the occasion for your best short dress. Your aim is to be neither overdressed nor underdressed. Maybe you think it's hard to strike that happy medium. But don't worry. If you're half an inch less dressed up than others, it's better than being half an inch *more* dressed up.

**BECOMING**—that's not much trouble. You just use your head and your eyes. You learn that if your hair is carrot red you can't wear fuchsia, no matter how lovely dark-haired Jinny may seem in it. You face the fact that you're too tall and thin to wear vertical stripes without looking like a clothespin; or you're too broad to wear something that's violently plaid all over. You study proportion and optical illusion. And you learn that even if your best friend's brand-new dress would be dreamy on you, you don't go out and buy a duplicate. She won't like it if you do—and though the dress is becoming to your physical side, it won't look well on your soul!

There are any number of gay times coming up for the holidays—parties, weenie roasts, overnight visits, family dinners, lunches in town, and sociable sit-by-the-fires. What to wear?

Let's start with the most glamorous occasion of the whole star-spangled season—the big dance. Of course you'll be wearing an evening dress; long-skirted, smooth, terrific. But what shall it be? You've been promised a new one, and you're going to try on every floor-sweeping frock in town. Take your cold, considering eye along when you shop. Are you small, slender, with pale, brown hair? Avoid pastels. Get a strong, singing turquoise or peacock blue if your eyes are blue; choose a rich scarlet, if your eyes are dark (and match your lipstick to it); green eyes take bright emerald or jade. And gray eyes simply take their choice.

Light, slender figures look best in dresses that fit tightly through the top part, making the waist slim as a spider's thread, and *woosh* out in drifting, dreamy folds below. But don't

(Continued on page 43)



**Above: Bright and cozy quilted coolie coat to wear over slacks or pajamas for fireside gatherings. Under fifteen dollars. Textron**

**Below: Rush the season with this washable, printed rayon dress for dates and informal parties. About eleven dollars. Nan Scott**





Danish health stamps for the years 1941, 42, 43, and 44

In center, the very first Danish health stamp issued in 1904

# THE STORY OF A STAMP



Einar Holboell, a Danish postal clerk, had a big heart and an even bigger idea

ONCE upon a time there were no Christmas Health Seals. Hard to imagine, isn't it? For today the gay little stamps are just as much a part of everyone's Christmas as reindeer and ribbon candy. Ever since you can remember, haven't they been part of the pleasant Christmasy clutter on your mother's desk? And lately you've been buying strips of seals, of course, to paste on your own cards and packages.

If you've taken them for granted, these Tuberculosis Seals, and come to think they're probably about as old as the Wise Men, you're wrong! For their interesting story began only 42 years ago, in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. It was, in fact, in 1903, on the day before Christmas—the day the Danes call "Lit-

tle Christmas"—that it all really started.

The air was cold and raw, and in the afternoon a thin snow began to fall. Mothers and fathers and children, bundled up in their warmest clothes, hurried about the streets on exciting last-minute Christmas errands. Probably the busiest spot in the whole city was the central post office. Avalanches of envelopes poured through all the slots, long lines of patient people stood at the stamp windows, and the letter carriers streamed in at the back door of the building to empty their packs into the great bins of outgoing mail. You know what it's like in *your* post office in December!

One of the clerks in this busy post office was named Einar Holboell. He was a kind man who loved children and wished he could do something to help all the ones who were poor and sick. Mr. Holboell didn't really like being a postal clerk very much. More than anything in the world he had wanted to go to sea as a naval officer like his father and his grandfather, but a serious eye trouble had prevented this, and he'd taken a humdrum job in the post office instead.

SUDDENLY, as Holboell stood sorting the streams of holiday mail, this thought popped into his head: If each one of these Christmas cards and letters carried an extra stamp, sold for the benefit of the sick and needy children of Copenhagen, what a tremendous lot of money could be collected! For a few minutes he mulled over his plan, and then asked the clerks who were working near him what they thought of it. To a man, they agreed that there couldn't be a finer way to harness up and put to year-round use

the holiday spirit of giving, and soon all the workers in the post office were buzzing with excitement over the scheme.

As soon as the Christmas rush was over, Holboell got to work. First, he presented his plan to the Postmaster General and received permission to proceed—if only he would promise not to make his stamp the same size as the regulation postage stamp. Next, with a Christmas Seal committee of 14 enthusiastic post-office friends, he invited all the postmasters and country letter carriers in Denmark to help by selling the seals. And finally, he took his plan to King Christian himself. The royal answer was an enthusiastic "Yes!" and the king even selected a picture of his late queen, Louise, to appear on the first Christmas seal.

ON December 6, in 1904, the first of Holboell's health stamps went on sale in Denmark; its price tag, "one-half cent." Business boomed, and in all, 4,000,000 stamps were sold! More people spent even more money on stamps the next year, and it was decided to build a pleasant hospital for tubercular children with the money that was collected. Sweden and Norway soon followed suit in issuing these stamps at Christmas time, and soon people in America began to sit up and take notice of the seals that came on their mail from Scandinavian countries.

Just about that time, Jacob Riis—a man who had migrated from Denmark to America and was now an important citizen here—wrote and published a magazine article called "The Christmas Stamp." He wrote strongly, urging

(Continued on page 21)



Because you too have a big heart, you and millions of others will be putting this stamp on all your letters and packages

by Dorothy O. O'Neill

# There'll be a few for Christmas!

## Full of Features!

Floating Shift, Touch Selector, Piano Key Action, All-around Frame, One-stroke Ribbon Reverse, Full Standard Height and Width Keyboard, Back Spacer, Two-color Ribbon, etc., etc.



THE fast, sturdy portable typewriter pictured here—Smith-Corona "Clipper," complete with carrying case—is now on display at your dealer's. For student, writer, or business man or woman, there's no more practical Christmas gift—nor one more welcome.

The immediate supply is of course extremely limited, but production should increase rapidly over the next few months, and orders may be

placed now. Price \$54.50 plus taxes. Other Smith-Corona portable models—"Sterling" and "Silent"—will also be available soon. Ask your dealer for illustrated folder.

## Smith-Corona

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

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# Christmas is Coming



by HAZEL RAWSON CADES

**T**HE extraordinary thing about Christmas is that one minute it seems so far off, and practically next minute it's here.

"Do your Christmas shopping early," the signs say. You think to yourself, "This year I really will do it. I will make a list. I will not get into a last-minute tizzy." And then, before you know it, you're rushing around like crazy, and you've forgotten Aunt Grace, and the family has used up all the tissue paper.

Probably there are some of you who at this moment have all your Christmas presents nicely wrapped and hidden away on a top shelf, out of reach of little brother. However, for those of you who are still chewing a pencil and clutching for ideas, here are a few suggestions.

It's not a sure-fire rule, but in general

it's pretty safe to give what you'd like to get. At least it works with people of approximately the same age and tastes. And the reverse is certainly true. It's no fun, and not very optimistic, to give something that you simply can't stand yourself.

Anyway, this rule usually works with toilet preparations, Christmas, and girls. Mary figures that anything which gives her as much of a thrill as a bottle of cologne is pretty sure to make a hit with Jeanie. And Jeanie says, "Oh, what I'd give for that super-duper box of dusting powder!" So she gives it to Mary.

**T**OILET preparations pack a great deal of exciting charm into relatively small packages. No matter how much or how little you want to spend, you can find in the shops something pretty and fragrant and useful which makes a sweet thought for Christmas. Even perfume, which is precious stuff, often comes in small sizes that bring it within the range of a small budget. And there are lots of other gifts—dusting powder, talcum, cologne, toilet water, sachet, bubble bath, and sweet-smelling soap which bulk larger and cost less.

Quite often toilet preparations are packed for Christmas giving in gayly decorated boxes which simplify your wrapping problems. Or if you're clever, you can take unwrapped preparations and do amusing things with them. Sew a little sunbonnet for the top of a bottle of hand lotion, for example, or dress up the bottle with a frill cut from a paper doily and tied around the neck with bright ribbon. Paste little Christmas stickers on a big cake of bath soap; or tie it up in a bright washcloth, with an orange stick poked through the knot like a gypsy pack. If you can find small cakes of soap made in the shape of flowers, it's amusing



This gay Christmas box holds eau de cologne and dusting powder in your choice of three unusual scents. They are Mountain Laurel, Early Iris, or Ginger Spice, \$1.00



For the bath-loving younger set, this matched threesome: bubble bath, silk powder, and a box of soap, \$2.00

Prices are approximate and do not include tax



Three good 'stocking fillers: quaint cylinder of Yanky Clover talcum, 50c, Beau Bait lipstick—young and gay, 49c, and Make-up Pat for a party face, 39c





(Continued from page 20)

to fix one up like a corsage with a piece of wire, a spray of Christmas greens, and a bow of ribbon. Used this way, one box of soap will make several gifts.

A small bottle of sachet powder is also a good investment if you are clever at sewing. You can make several sachet bags with the help of bright pieces of silk or flowered cotton, a little cotton filling, and maybe a few buttons or beads and a bit of ribbon or lace. Use your ingenuity about design. Cut out little hearts or stars, a simple paper-doll shape, or a large flower from a piece of chintz or cretonne. Use a layer of cotton for filler and to hold the sachet. Turn in edges neatly and finish with a ribbon binding, a lace frill, or simple buttonhole stitching. Add a ribbon bow, a few beads or spangles or bright buttons. There are all sorts of gay possibilities in sachets. A big flat one, cut to fit her bureau drawer, might make a hit with Mother.

If you are pretty good at sewing you might whip up one of those silk envelopes which are so useful for carrying this and that in the pocketbook. Open up a paper envelope and use it for a pattern, allowing a little extra for seams. In larger sizes, with a thin inner lining of cotton and a dash of sachet, envelope cases are also useful for people who travel.

A bath mitt of Turkish toweling is not difficult to make. Use an ordinary mitten for your pattern, but be sure to make it big enough to slip over the hand easily. Sew a little extra pocket on the palm of the mitten to hold a piece of soap. This is really very inexpensive to make, and it's an invitation to economy to the person who gets it. She can use up all her little scraps of soap in the pocket of the mitt—a tidy and thrifty idea.

It has been said many times, but it's still true, that the thought-about gift is the one which really touches the heart of the person who receives it. So at Christmastime don't think about how little money you have to spend. Think about how much wit and imagination and loving thought you can pack into what you give. And a very "Merry Christmas" from me to you!

THE END

## Story of a Stamp

(Continued from page 18)

everyone to join in the battle against tuberculosis. He named this important fight "the people's war," urged that everyone in every community be roused and educated to fight the disease intelligently, and suggested that the Christmas seal, as used in Denmark, was a good way to raise money for such a program. Since six of Mr. Riis's brothers had died of tuberculosis, he really meant what he was saying!

One of the people who happened to read this article was a Red Cross worker in Delaware. Her name was Emily Bissell, and she was interested in raising funds to help support a cottage for tuberculosis patients on the banks of the Brandywine River. This seal idea appealed to Miss Bissell, and she sat right down and sketched the design for her first one—a wreath of holly with the words "Merry Christmas" inside the circle.



## SHE'LL NEED THE RAILROAD MORE - *Tomorrow*

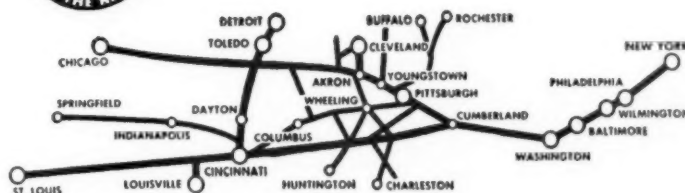
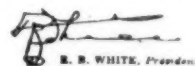
Jane picks up a needle made in a *distant State*... threads it with a cotton strand spun *many miles away*... and sews a piece of cloth woven in *another part of America*.

Jane probably doesn't realize how these things came to her home. For today, she knows the railroads as transporters of coal, steel or grain... not as carriers of little things like needles, thread and cloth.

But, as Jane grows older, rail service will become even more important... a necessity to her everyday life. For the railroad will be her major supply line for food, fuel, clothing and many other things for her home.

It will be a modern, convenient means of contact with the nation. In streamlined comfort, Jane will travel freely... finding new enjoyment in rail transportation.

Yes, railroads like the Baltimore & Ohio will be the pathways of adventure and pleasure for you... America's young women. Over B&O's 11,000 miles of track you will travel to distant and interesting places. You will depend on the B&O to help bring the products of America to your local stores and shops. In many, many ways you'll enjoy the finest in modern rail service as given by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.



# BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

NOW... AS BEFORE - *The B&O is the Way to Go!*



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Skiing's fun! And it's *super* fun when you're on Northlands. So perfectly balanced... smooth... you'll feel as if you're gliding on wings of wood. You'll like the trim beauty of Northland Skis, made by hand from Nature's finest woods. Yes, Northlands are skis you'll be proud to own!

Want skis for Christmas?  
Ask Dad to make 'em  
Northland Skis!

\*Learn to ski like an expert.  
Write for FREE manual, illustrated.  
Edited by Hannes Schneider,  
world-famous skier.

**NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.**

World's Largest Ski Manufacturers  
83 MERRIAM PARK, SAINT PAUL 4, MINNESOTA



**NAME  
TAPES**

—100 for 60c

Washable Name Labels, with  
your name printed on wash-  
proof tape in black ink, for  
camp, school and travel.

ACME TIP PRINT CO.  
791-6th Ave., New York (1), N.Y.

The seal was printed, and went on sale from a little table in the corner of a Wilmington, Delaware, post office on December 9, 1907. If you're a whiz at math, you've probably figured out already that this was exactly 3 years and 3 days after Holboell's first stamp was sold.

Miss Bissell's seals disappeared fast, and before the season was out she had another lot issued. These, bearing the additional words "Happy New Year," sold well into the year 1908. The final report on the sale showed that she'd banked ten times more than the \$300 she'd hoped to raise.

But this isn't the end of our story. The next year the American Red Cross helped Miss Bissell sell the seals all over the country, and it was Howard Pyle who designed the fine, simple 1908 stamp which has come to be a collector's prize. In 1910 the National Tuberculosis Association joined the Red Cross in the seal campaign, and ten years later, took over the plan themselves. Ever since then, the famous double-barred cross—symbol of the world-wide fight against tuberculosis—has taken the place of the Red Cross symbol on the stamps.

Many famous artists have designed the seals—Dale Nichols, Rockwell Kent, Andre Dugo, Ernest Hamlin Baker are a few of their names. The seals have varied in shape and size somewhat from year to year, and one of them (in 1921) was even diamond-shaped. If you're a stamp collector you'll be interested to know that some years the sheets of stamps include one or two "special" designs. In 1938, for instance, each sheet of 100 stamps had 4 special stamps—honoring Holboell, Kick, Laennec, and Trudeau—along with the 96 regular stamps which pictured two children watching their mother light a candle in the window.

The little modernistic postman pictured on last year's stamp was designed by Spence Wildey (remember reading about him in the September AMERICAN GIRL article on art?) and earned over \$14,000,000 for the cause. Practically all the money collected from the sale of seals in a State goes to finance the work which that very same State is doing in the fight against tuberculosis.

**E**INAR HOLBOELL died in 1927, but he lived to see a tuberculosis sanitarium (bigger and better than anything he had dreamed), 3 "Christmas Seal Homes" for boys and girls, a children's sanitarium in Greenland, and the establishment of several funds for hungry children—all made possible by the seal which was his brain child that winter day in the Copenhagen post office.

He saw his idea catch on like wildfire all around the world, so that before he died, 45 countries were using a Christmas seal to raise money for the bitter battle against tuberculosis.

Holboell liked to visit the homes, and the children there would gather around the kindly, six-foot man with the white beard, begging him to tell them a sea story. And every Christmas Eve at half-past five, when he was in the midst of the Christmas rush at the post office, he was delighted to have one of the Christmas Seal homes call him on the telephone. There would be greetings from the matron and the doctor, and then the children in the home would sing a Christmas carol.

As for Miss Emily Bissell, she has been president of the Delaware Anti-Tuberculosis Society since 1907, the year of her first stamp. She has also received the Trudeau Medal of the National Tuberculosis Association—an award given to those who help outstandingly in fighting tuberculosis, and named for Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, first president of the National Tuberculosis Association. (And if you've run out of interesting books for science-class reviews, borrow Dr. Trudeau's "Autobiography" from the library. It's good reading, and will tell you a lot about the work of a brave American pioneer in tuberculosis research.)

This season, then, when you paste the cheery little seals on your Christmas cards and packages, think of the postal clerk who dreamed them up, and of the Danish king who first sponsored them. Think of all the plain people—and the important ones, too, who loyally buy the seals every year, doing their part in everybody's war against tuberculosis. Remember that these stamps carry the Christmas spirit around the calendar—right on past New Year's Day, and Easter, the Fourth of July, and Halloween, to the next Christmas season.

And one more thing to remember—the fight's still on! Tuberculosis, the disease that was top killer in 1907, still holds that place in the age group from 15 to 45, though its death rate as a whole has been cut 75 per cent since that year of the first American seal. But don't let our talk about the death rate fill you with gloom. Just think what fun you can have—all your life long—if you start a collection of Christmas seals this very year.

THE END

## Stage Fright

(Continued from page 9)

veteran artiste." M. Stakine watched with rapt eyes. The spot encompassed others at times, but Tania seemed alone on the stage. The first quick grace notes lifted her into the air in a lovely leap. Janet had seen Tania dance often, but never like this.

"Ah, how she has stage presence! She amazes me. I knew she could dance—but stage presence!" M. Stakine's breath whistled in Janet's ear, sighing in and out easily in his relief.

Desperately Janet tried to make her own breath go down inside her, to get rid of the cotton wool in her throat, the muffled roar in her ears which shut out the music. Tania pirouetted with precision and speed. The ballet regrouped itself, froze into the final tableau of the first scene in the first act. A comforting roar from the audience poured on-stage, only to be shut out by the folds of the curtains as they swung together.

Tania took her position side-front stage. She accepted M. Stakine's compliments with assurance. She stood easily, smiling at Janet. The curtain was shut tight. There was a momentary sense of privacy.

"This is the most fun I have in my life," she told Janet. "Always I have believe it would be exciting to dance before the public, but it is more—it is heavenly!" Two stagehands brushed by her and she finished the sentence with a quick flutter of her pretty hands.

# CAREER in Television

*The Story of*  
Helen Rhodes

● Television, according to Helen Rhodes, can be compared to no other form of entertainment; for it borrows from the stage, the screen, and the radio and adds a spontaneous quality which gives television programs a special charm.

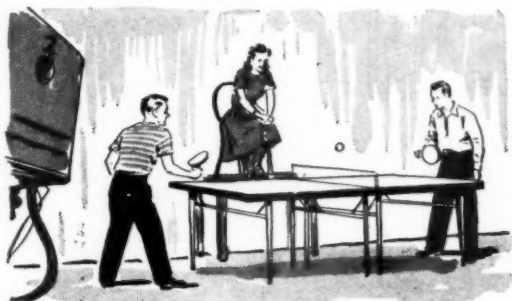
Helen, program producer at G.E.'s television studio WRGB, has been interested in dramatics since childhood, and she considers television a perfect job for her training and interests. She lives her work, and as she puts it: "I've come to think of everything in terms of television, for television is alive and fun; it gives me a chance to meet interesting people from everywhere and to learn a lot about them and the things they do."



Completing high school in Cobleskill, N. Y., Helen entered the University of Michigan, where she majored in speech, dramatics, and radio. She spent much time acting in and producing radio and theater shows.



After college, Helen did graduate work and held a job at the same time—first with the Michigan Repertory Players, a summer stock show, and then as assistant to her college's director of dramatics.



She then came to WRGB and was given a job as program producer—the only girl then on the program staff. Helen puts on television shows, takes part in productions, and also trains others in this work.



Helen likes to cook and keep house, is interested in architecture and interior decoration—but she'd really rather swim or go to a good football game, the latter being her chief outside interest.

**FREE**—a "comic" book in 4 colors—"Adventures in Electricity," introducing Johnny Powers and his scientist brother, Ed. Write to Dept. 6-327, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

958-62-211



Now the light was greenish-blue, a moon appeared backstage. The curtains parted so slowly that the faint movements of the audience, the rustle of the programs, their last whisperings, came on-stage along with the sudden rush of warm air. Janet's cue music was played. Still she did not move.

"Janet, quick! Don't you hear?" Tania spoke urgently, not seeming to move a muscle of her face. M. Stakine swore under his breath and, when Janet did not respond, gave her a push which got her on the stage, standing flat-footedly and a little awkwardly before that gray blur of white ovals which were the faces of her audience. There was a nervous tremor of applause.

"Begin! Dance!" The urgency of M. Stakine's whisper came to her. The stage was encircled by a hissing sound as of steam escaping. Everyone was telling her the steps. "Slide left." "Waltz turn." "Pirouettes." "Jump." "Turn." Still Janet stood frozen. Tania rose to her points, floated backstage to her as if it were her part in the ballet. She swooped and glided about Janet as she scolded.

"Silly! Dance! Do a waltz turn. Move your arms! Smile! Do you want to ruin our ballet with your nerves?" Getting no response, she did a toe run close to Janet and, as she danced, put her arm about the stricken girl's waist and pulled her along. Clumsily then, Janet began to dance, and Tania tactfully returned to her position front-stage. What Janet danced she never knew. She ran, she jumped, she turned. As she invented steps and covered the stage, she could see the shocked faces of the ballet, the furious blackness of M. Stakine's, the set mouth of Pete Drummond, who had suddenly appeared backstage.

**T**HERE was no pleasure or elation in Janet's dancing. It was empty, hollow. She knew the audience was bored. Programs began to rattle, some even were held up that their owners might see who this erratic young dancer was. The music plodded on as the bewildered pianists played out their part. The curtain fell on a few scattered handclaps.

As Janet came off stage M. Stakine spoke, his words barbed with poison. "So that is the kind of dancer you are! You shine only in the classroom. Before an audience you cannot dance! Fool that I was to be taken in by you! Such an exhibition. As Maitre de Ballet you have ruined me."

"I'm sorry," Janet mumbled. "You are sorry! I ask, what do you think I am?"

Janet didn't answer. She looked for Pete. Why didn't he come to scold her? She wished he would. Then it would be over. She walked slowly, dispiritedly, to her dressing room. The girls made way for her. She passed their curious faces. Some were concerned, some amused, some actually gloating over her failure. She heard broken phrases. "She's done for." "Forgot every step." "Hasn't got what it takes." "Absolute washout." "Her future's behind her."

Suddenly she wanted to get away from the theater, the people in it, the glaring lights, the gay music—all of it. She bit her lip and stopped in the doorway of her dressing room. Pete was sitting comfortably in the big chintz chair reading "Theatre Arts." He looked up and smiled casually. He was waiting for her to speak.

"Don't say it," Janet burst out. "I've ruined your ballet! You're disappointed in me. I'm disappointed, too. I'll never dance again—your ballet or any other."

"Really?" Pete got up and stuck his hands in his pockets. "Why not? Are you going to be licked so easily?"

"I failed," Janet's voice was brittle.

"Too bad," Pete Drummond's voice was lightly mocking. "So what? I thought you had what it takes."

"I haven't," Janet said flatly. "I can't take any more, and that's that." She walked over to the mirror and stared into it.

"But you can't *not* take it." He came over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "You're going to go back out there and knock 'em for a loop. I'm telling you."

"I can't," Janet sat down on the bench and covered her face with her hands, so that he couldn't see she was crying. She didn't want him to be sorry for her. It hurt more than if he scolded her.

He bent over her. "Stop bawling," he said shortly, and picked up a bit of absorbent cotton from the dressing-table box. "You'll spoil your make-up. Stop it, I say!" He was talking to her as if she were six years old, instead of just a month younger than he.

She took her hands down and looked at him in surprise. He flicked the tears off her lashes, dried the ones which had fallen on her cheeks. "You've got a job to do," he continued, "and I've elected myself to see that you do it. But first, will you kindly tell me why you went on that stage cold? Why didn't you rehearse? Why didn't you keep your mind on your dance? If you had been thinking about your steps you couldn't possibly have forgotten how to do them."

"I don't know," Janet sighed. "Everything seemed to slip away. I couldn't remember anything."

"But you must remember! You're the only girl who has learned that role in my ballet. I created it for you. You're going to dance it, or I'll know why."

"I am not ever going to dance again." She began to tremble and stood up, shaking all over. "I'm not going out on that stage again. The audience will laugh at me. The girls all know I'm done for. M. Stakine told me so right in front of them." She began to fumble with the hooks on her costume. "Go away. I'm going to undress. Go away."

"Where's your next costume?" Pete scanned the gay frocks hanging on the wall.

"I'm not going to put it on. I'm never going to dance again."

"Oh, yes, you are." Pete's lips were folded in tightly. "I'll give you just two minutes to get into it. I'll step outside, and when I come back you'd better have it on. If you don't, I'll put it on myself."

Janet looked after him in surprise as he went through the door. He meant exactly what he said. Almost automatically she stepped out of her costume, slid the one for the second dance over her head.

**P**ETE made no comment on the changed costume when he came back. "Repeat the dance, please," he said coolly.

"I can't remember it."

"What is the first step?"

"I don't know." Suddenly she hiccupped.

"You poor kid," he said, and put his arm gently around her shoulders. She turned toward him, buried her face in his shoulder, and shook with dry sobs. Suddenly she quieted.

"But you aren't angry with me!" she said wonderingly. "I spoiled your ballet, and yet you aren't angry. How can you be so patient?"

"What is the first step?" The tone boded ill if she did not answer correctly.

"S-slow waltz turns, glissade, arabesque."

"Right," he stepped away triumphantly. "Do it please."

She shook her head stubbornly. "You must!" He stood with his head up, his eyes behind his glasses faintly smiling, his mouth tight but kind. "Do as I say."

"I can't. Why do you try to make me do something I cannot do?"

"Because you can do it." His voice was confident. "I have seen you dance more beautifully than I have seen any dancer except Markova."

"You still believe that I can dance in public? You must be mad. I tried and I failed. M. Stakine said I had disgraced him."

"You can dance better than anyone else in this theater. What is one failure? Nothing but a steppingstone to success." He smiled at her. "Come on. Do it for me."

Janet took a deep breath. It went way down deep inside her (Continued on page 28)



Courtesy of Collier's



# Special Count

for five perfect gifts  
to give or to get

A dainty barrette of softly tinted plastic with insignia in gilt. 12-325 white; 12-326 pink; 12-327 blue—10c each.

Gay print kerchief with designs on linen-finish rayon. A generous 29" square with delectable background colors. Washable. 8-521 lemon yellow; 8-522 cherry red; 8-523 caramel—\$1.00 each.

Molded to fit the palm, an emerald green plastic compact with powder sifter. Featherweight. 12-317—50c

Roomy shoulder bag in bright green felt with convenient zipper closing. 11-650—\$2.22 (tax incl.)

Bright print hanky with solid border and trefoil design on white cotton. 8-916 red; 8-917 blue; 8-918 yellow—25c each.

## GIRL SCOUTS

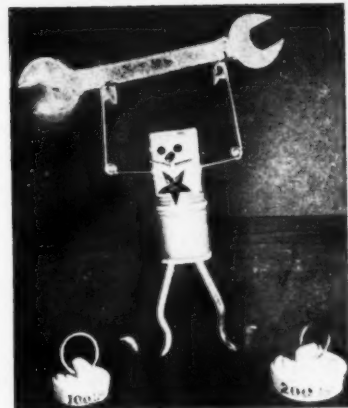
National Equipment Service

155 East 44th St. 1307 Washington Ave.  
New York 17, N. Y. St. Louis 3, Mo.

Retail Store

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.





Here's Long Beardoff—weight-lifting champ. He's strong as an ox, even though his body is only a shaving stick

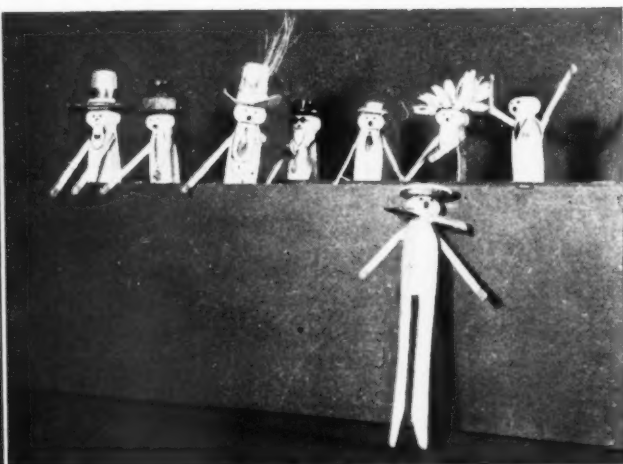
Left: Ludwig Wronkow, creator of the Circus, can work at his hobby only nights and Sundays

# JUNK

Photographs by three Lions



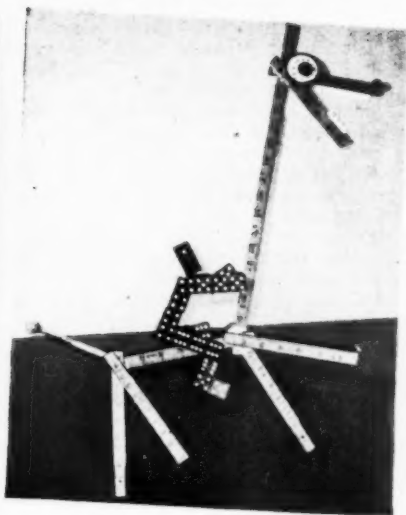
Amid ruffles and flourishes a trick horse cocks his postage-stamp ears and performs. In the saddle is lovely, cigarette-slim Miss Swellsmoke



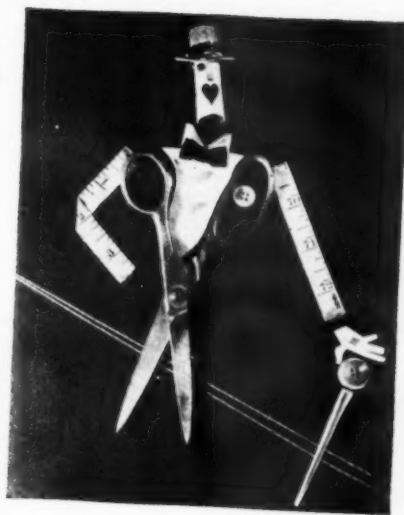
Most fun of all, perhaps, is the Junk Circus' clothespin audience. Matches make their arms. Sombreros are toothpaste tops and thimbles



Dummy plays the concertina and the audience roars with laughter. His head's an eggshell; hands and feet, picnic spoons



Into the sawdust ring rides Dominco Domino, daring horseback rider. His mount is none other than Tapo, the swift giraffe.



Pedro, most elegant of rope dancers, never performs without thimble hat, bow tie, and cane. His lips are red as the ace of hearts!

# CIRCUS



WE'VE heard about a lot of hobbies in our day, but here's one that's new to us, at least. Call it "table-top cartooning" if you like. But Mr. Ludwig Wronkow describes it as just "turning odds and ends of junk into all sorts of funny and interesting little figures" and he ought to know, for it's his hobby we're talking about! He's been working at it ever since he first came to the United States six years ago—with no job, and hardly any money.

If you look carefully at the pictures here, you'll see that the first requirement for a hobby like this is the true collector's spirit. Mr. Wronkow has that all right—in fact he *never* throws *anything* away! "Here is everything I may need someday," he says, waving his hand over what must be the world's largest assortment of eggshells, buttons, playing cards, corks, goldfish nets, pine cones, shoe linings, fishhooks, Good Humor sticks, old radio tubes, and uprooted spiral bindings. Mr. Wronkow claims that this collection, which is sorted away in coffee tins, provides all the inspiration necessary for his hobby, though he does admit that he can get a lot of good ideas by visiting the five-and-ten-cent store, too!

In addition to all these odds and ends, Mr. Wronkow has a sturdy, well-lighted worktable and a good supply of artist's materials—not to mention plenty of carpentry tools which he handles skillfully. But most important of all is his gifted and

remarkable eye, which peers behind the dull forms of everyday articles and sees just what fresh twists and trimmings will make them into new and meaningful objects.

We think these Junk Circus characters are some of Mr. Wronkow's cleverest creations, but don't think he just sticks to the Big Top for subject matter. Oh my, no. He'll tackle anything in or out of this world, the only purpose of his hobby being to entertain his friends—and himself, of course.

MR. WRONKOW thinks he's about sixty years old, but he's been so busy all his life he hasn't had time to keep track of mere birthdays. Want to know what jobs he's held? Hold onto your hats, girls—here's the list: actor, photographer, dancer, soldier, toymaker, crossword-puzzle manufacturer, poet, husband, errand boy, newsdealer, peddler, night-club operator, stage designer, and magician's assistant! And as for political cartoons—he's drawn about twenty-five *thousand* of them! Right now the energetic gentleman in question is the very busy art director of a newspaper in New York City.

These pictures show only a few of Mr. Wronkow's heroes and heroines—we wish we had room for more. But now that you see how easy it is to make something clever out of a little junk—mixed with a liberal dash of imagination—why don't you try your own hand at this hobby?

## Stage Fright

(Continued from page 24)

quite easily. She took another, and sighed happily. "All right," she said. "If you want me to try, I will."

Pete stared at her. He had won so suddenly that he had to shut his mouth on more words of pleading which would have been anticlimactic. Without speaking, he took her arm and led her out of the room. When they got into the wings he spoke on a casual conversational level. "The first waltz movement should carry more feeling," he said softly. "Try it, please."

Janet waltzed away and back to him. He moved to shield her from the curious eyes of the ballet, the open-mouthed astonishment of M. Stakine's angry gaze. "Exercises," Pete commanded, and obediently Janet kicked and bent, holding on to his wrist as he made his forearm a rigid bar for her practice.

Her cue music came. The stage was dark, the spot a rosy haze. She swooped off into it with the ease of a bird in flight. So sure was she of herself that she might have danced the ballet a dozen times in public. There was grace and lightness and liquid beauty to her steps that drew admiring gasps from the girls who now crowded the wings. The electrician was staring, one hand on his board, the other on his bell, his eyes glued to her mounting speed. The three stagehands slapped their cards upon the wobbly card table and peered on-stage, crowding clumsily together to see what was going on, and staying to watch with surprised interest.

The audience began to make an odd, almost inaudible purr of satisfaction. M. Stakine came to stand beside Pete on hearing the first breakings of applause. He raised his eyebrows in delighted surprise. That increasing anxiety on the part of the audience to tell the performer how good she was, to share somehow in the urgency of the climax, even if only by the physical act of beating their hands together and shouting "Bravo!" meant real success.

JANET was still doing her last pirouettes when the storm broke over the footlights. It washed around her, engulfed her, swept over her. The curtain drew back on waves of sound. She beckoned to Tania and the ballet, and though unrehearsed, they came and happily took the bows with her.

"Bravo! You bring down the house. Hear them!" M. Stakine beamed, bowing from the waist to shake Janet's hand with kindly deference. Over his bent head, Janet's eyes met Pete's amused ones incredulously.

"Nice work, Janet!" Pete raised a hand as if to hail her achievement. Then, very slowly, the right forefinger raised and waggled. It meant, "I'm the guy who's seeing you home." Janet's heart thumped happily. Pete was really pleased. She made the okay in ballet language with flashing hands. Pete smiled.

"Be seeing you." He loped off. Again the girls made way for her.

Now they reached out and touched her, patted her back, kissed her cheek, spoke impulsively. "Janet, you were wonderful!" "Oh, Janet, Mr. Miska of Ballet Royale was talking to Pete a minute ago." "Gosh, Janet, you'll be a star for sure."

"Shall I come help you dress?" Tania was beside Janet. "It is pleasanter, two together. I will bring my costume to your room?" Janet nodded. Arms about each other's waists, they walked toward Janet's dressing room.

It was there that the cast would congregate after the show; there the talent scouts would gather to offer tentative contracts to the chosen few. No one had to say so. Everyone knew.

THE END

## Captain Kit

(Continued from page 13)

ly sweet to ask me and I'd just love to go, but I promised—"

Kit gave a final disgusted slam of her heels against the dock, rose, and trudged up to the house. Delectable odors of baking came from the big kitchen where black Lessie, for all her two hundred pounds, was stepping lightly about. She had just opened the oven door on a pan of golden brown cookies when Kit came in.

"Ym-m-m-m," said the girl, wrinkling her nose to sniff. "They smell divine. Give, Lessie, give."

"Lan' sakes, Miss Kit," Lessie said in her soft, rich voice. "Can't you let the cookies git cool afore you comes around with your

mouth waterin'? A body can't never get nothin' laid by in this house less'n you or Ken comes along an' gobbles it up. I ain't never seen sech child'en."

But even as she grumbled, she was dumping four or five of the still warm cookies on a plate. Kit swooped them up in both hands and went out on the porch. Boy, it was hot! Her heavy, rust-colored hair, curling around her face and hanging on her shoulders, seemed unbearable, and she twisted it up in a knot on top of her head. Lying flat on the glider and munching cookies, she looked up through the motionless leaves to the pale yellowish sky, and fell to dreaming. Early in the spring her mother had bought her a summer evening frock, frothing with silver-tipped aqua ruffles. Kit had mocked its frivolousness and called it a stupid extravagance. But now she pictured the silver-tipped ruffles swaying about her feet as she whirled around the clubhouse dance floor in Ray Tabor's arms.

SUDDENLY shrill screams shattered the hot quiet of the August morning. Kit streaked for the kitchen.

"Lessie," she gasped. "What is it? Who screamed?"

Her huge bulk blocking the half-opened screen door, Lessie said over her shoulder, "Must be somethin' happened at the Lesters'. Them yells sure come from that direction. I'm steppin' over."

"Well, get going then," said Kit, and shot ahead through the pine grove that separated the two houses. A minute later she sprinted up the Lesters' front steps, followed at some distance by the puffing Lessie.

"Yoo-hoo," she called. "Anything wrong? Where are you?"

"Thank goodness somebody's come!" babbled Elaine hysterically. "Out here, Kit. On the back porch. Mother's hurt her foot. Please hurry!"

Mrs. Lester was lying flat on the porch floor, her face deathly white and her eyes closed. Elaine stood over her, wringing her hands.

"Mother jumped off the porch and landed on a rusty rake that old Jordan had left lying around," Elaine explained. "I think it went right through her foot. She only has sneakers on."

Kit bent over to look and was furious with herself for feeling sick at the sight of the bloodstained sneaker. Lessie pushed her aside. "Git me the scissors, an' some iodine, an' bandage," she ordered.

Kit, with Elaine trailing ineffectually after her, rounded up the required articles, and then stood with her stomach doing cart wheels while Lessie carefully cut away Mrs. Lester's shoe and stocking and bathed and bandaged the injured foot. "What an idiot I am," she told herself. "Turning faint at the sight of a little blood. No wonder Dad won't trust me with the Kittyken. A lot of good I am in an emergency."

As she gave the bandage a final pat, Lessie looked up at her young mistress standing there.

"Goodness, chile," she said, "you're as white as chalk. Go git a drink of water. An' Elaine, stop that blubberin'!"



Courtesy of Collier's



and bathe your mother's face. We got to bring her round now, an' git her to a doctor. She got to have injecshums right off. My nephew run a rusty nail in his hand an' injecshums saved his life, but we ain't got no time to waste."

"Get Ken to bring the car," Elaine said. "Quick, Kit! I think Mother's going to come to."

"But Ken isn't home," Kit said forlornly. "He drove Mother to town."

Elaine began to wring her hands. "Oh, what'll we do? No telephone on the whole Point. The Stillmans are in Plattsburgh, and Ray and Biff have gone to Essex. There's no one to drive us up to town. What'll we do now?"

"Dr. Clark, across the lake at Essex, is the best doctor," said Kit slowly, "and he has a sort of private hospital in his house, too."

SHE considered a moment. Could she take the *Kittyken* safely across the lake? True, it was calm as a millpond and there hadn't been a whiff of a breeze all morning, but what if a storm should come up? Did she dare disobey her father? If she did, it might be a very long time before he would allow her any of Ken's privileges. She had never been fond of Elaine or Mrs. Lester, and it wasn't really necessary for her to risk her neck and her family's displeasure for their sakes. Yet she couldn't stand by and do nothing when Mrs. Lester's life might hang in the balance.

She said aloud, "I—I think I could take you across to Essex in the *Kittyken*." She turned to meet Lessie's anxious eyes. "What do you think? Do you think we ought to try it?"

"I knows you can run that boat ever' bit as good as Ken," Lessie answered. "An' Mrs. Lester ought to git to a doctor. No tellin' when your mother an' Ken'll git home—it takes such a powerful time to shop now-days. You take 'em over, Miss Kit, but you be mighty careful, chile."

"Kit, you wouldn't really!" Elaine stopped crying in surprise. "You wouldn't dare! What will your father and Ken say?"

"I don't know," snapped Kit nervously, "and I don't care. We can't leave your mother here to get lockjaw, can we? I can manage the *Kittyken*. You and Lessie get your mother ready. Pack a bag, in case she has to stay all night. I'll bring the boat around to the dock."

Kit dashed back through the pine grove. She scrambled under the porch to pull out the oars. They were heavy and, one in each hand, she banged them, step by step, down the stone stairs to the dock. "I hope I don't have to use them," she thought with a pang of misgiving. Streams of perspiration trickled down her back, and her round face, with its powdering of freckles, was damp and flushed from her efforts. The red can of gasoline and the sticky old quart bottle with its twisted paper cork, which Ken used for oil, were in the pump house. Kit collected them, the life preservers, and the fire extinguisher, and jumped down into the *Kittyken*.

The outlines of the mountains were vague and misty in the haze as she cut across to the other point. There was a brooding quiet that warned of a storm, or one of those wild winds shrieking out of the north. "I hope we

(Continued on page 36)

## Are you in the know?



The lathered lady is —

- ☐ Brushing up on beauty
- ☐ Banishing 5 o'clock shadow
- ☐ A little shaver

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face; and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your *daintiness*. You see, *now Kotex contains a deodorant*, to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!

Is this nifty giftie —

- ☐ A compact
- ☐ A bracelet
- ☐ Both

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on *calendar* days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You'll have nary a care with Kotex.



It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with —

- ☐ Mistletoe on your mind
- ☐ Baubles in your hair
- ☐ Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be charming on *all* occasions (even "those") when you're confident. Kotex keeps you so. With Kotex no revealing outlines can ruffle the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives *plus* protection—helps spare you embarrassing accidents.



7 DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX<sup>®</sup> NAPKIN  
AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins \*



CHRISTMAS time is party time! No other season is quite so gay. Even old Scrooge found that out!

There's so much merrymaking in just being together and eating together, that every girl wants to give a Christmas party of some kind. To be a successful holiday hostess, your party should be full of surprises and unexpected fun. And it's your pleasant duty to see that everyone is having a good time.

One of the first rules of entertaining is to be so well prepared that you can join your guests and enjoy yourself.

Don't be a nervous, jack rabbit of a hostess, for that makes your guests think they are causing a lot of trouble and spoils half the fun for everyone. To keep your party from falling apart, you must have things so well organized that there won't be any dull gaps. No need to rush your guests pell-mell from one game to another, but if you see they are tiring of one activity, have another ready to suggest. If you don't get around to doing all the things you had in mind, don't worry. Your friends may enjoy some one game so much that they want to keep right at it until it's time for the eats.

In every crowd there are a few shy people who find it hard to enter into the spirit of a party. To help them feel at ease, plan games where everyone gets a turn at being a "leader," and try to draw them into every conversation. A good trick is to find out ahead of time some particular interest they have, and bring up that subject for general discussion. Many a wallflower has blossomed out under the guiding hand of a clever and thoughtful hostess. They'll be your loyal friends for life, and others will realize that they're interesting people to know.

Now let's explore a few ideas, and see if they fit into your plans—and into your budget for holiday entertaining as well.

This kind of a party is loads of fun, and its surprise element will put you right out front as a hostess with originality.

Instead of the usual invitation forms,



cut out little Christmas trees or Santa Claus figures. Red or green paper is fine for this, but if you don't have any on hand, use heavy white paper edged with colored crayon. After writing your invitations on these figures, cut them up, jigsaw-puzzle style, and put them into tiny flat holiday boxes. Do each one separately, so that the pieces don't get mixed. Then tie the boxes, label each with a guest's name, and fasten a little note, on top saying, "Please put me together at once!" Who of your friends could resist such a mystery?

After an afternoon or evening of games and fun, lead the way to a Christmas tree or a table where one "Gift Box" for each guest is waiting. On each box is written only the first line of a well-known Christmas carol, familiar poem, or foolish nursery rhyme. You, acting as Miss Santa Claus, read the lines aloud, and the boy

by **Georgia Lee Layton**

or girl who is the quickest to recite the second line correctly gets that box, then dropping out of the competition.

Now, here's the secret part. Inside each "Gift Box" is packed an individual party lunch. Some delicious small sandwiches, Christmas cookies or a cupcake with red frosting, a handful of nuts, an orange, an apple, or bunch of grapes, and a gay paper napkin will do nicely. Everyone finds a comfortable spot and the boxes are opened all at once. Cocoa, milk, or cokes should, of course, be served separately—and ice cream, if you feel that's a must for your menu.

Pack the lunches in plain pasteboard boxes, as uniform in size as possible, and give them a holiday look with fancy Christmas wrappings and tinsel ties. On top of each box perhaps you'll want to tie a small favor, or an inexpensive, just-for-fun present. If you can find them, Christmas paper-snappers which hold a



fancy hat will add a lot to the gaiety.

A luffet fits any occasion, any purse, and practically any group of guests. It's the ideal form of serving for a holiday



Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

more-the-merrier party. This kind of meal usually falls into one of two plans—a variety of nibbling food, or a substantial dish, with dessert and beverage.

For the first, a cheese and fruit tray is sure to be popular—and nothing could be simpler to prepare. Now that cheese is unrationed, you can have an assortment to suit every taste.

One idea for your tray is cheese snowballs. To make them, roll a small amount of cream cheese or well-drained cottage cheese between your palms until it forms a round ball. Then drop it in the center of a small soda cracker and stick a tiny sprig of parsley in the top.

WITH sliced American cheese, you can make Christmas stars by borrowing your mother's fancy cooky cutters or by cutting around cardboard shapes with a sharp-pointed knife. These shapes should just fit on a two-inch square soda cracker. When serving pimiento or any of the other prepared cheese spreads, simply put the glass jar container in the center of a large plate and surround it with squares of toast, crackers, or triskets, and let the guests help themselves.

A bowl of crisp mixed nuts, another piled with snowy popcorn, and a tray of alternate rows of bright red apples and bunches of grapes complete your buffet spread. To give the apples a Christmas glow, polish them with a cloth containing just the least bit of salad oil. Wash and dry the grapes thoroughly, then snip them off into small individual bunches.

If you're giving a skating, skiing, or any other kind of outdoor party, your guests are sure to want something hot



and hearty when they come in for refreshments. Smart hostesses solve this problem by making up a big casserole of macaroni, cheese, and tomatoes ahead of time. A cup and a half of uncooked small elbow macaroni, a number-one can of tomatoes and one fourth pound of American cheese will make six generous helpings, and you can increase the amount according to the number of guests and the size of their appetites. Cook and drain the macaroni. Then lay alternate layers of the three ingredients in a greased casserole with man-sized chunks of cheese on top.

The minute you come into the house, pop this dish into the oven, and by the time your gang has tossed aside coats, mittens, and galoshes, the casserole will be ready. Serve long bread sticks or buttered rolls with this, and for dessert—Christmas cookies and sugarplums.

Something hot to drink is certainly called for after an outdoor party. Try combining canned condensed bouillon with an equal amount of tomato juice. Stir well, heat to the boiling point, and then pour into a large serving dish—a festive punch bowl if you can find one. Ladle into individual cups with handles,

(Continued on page 47)

cut a  
neater  
figure  
in



Gals with smooth "liggers" give nature the right kind of first aid. Your figure, too, will look much nicer when you wear the brassiere Maiden Form designed for your type of bosom. Select carefully, buy sparingly—it's only fair, these days, when all good things are scarce.

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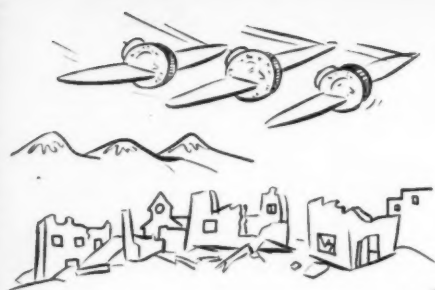


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# YOUR PENNIES TALK BACK

by HARRIET WARREN

**H**IGH finance leaves you cold? Numbers confuse you? Then read on—here's just the article for you. A financial report with a soul—that's what we have here—with every figure digestible, delicious, and particularly enchanting for all who scrimped and saved to contribute to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. Yes, we mean you with all the proficiency badges, you who ran that fund-raising picnic, and you in the brand-new uniform who faithfully pulled the curtain on your troop's profitable dramatic effort—and you, too, Brownie, who did without ice-cream cones for two whole months so you could give your share to the Fund. It's the story of what became of all those pennies and dimes and dollars you trustingly turned over to your Juliette Low Fund representative. It's a story every one of you deserves to know, and our guess is you're pretty anxious to hear it.

## How your Juliette Low World Friendship Fund is bringing help to children all over the world

Anyone who's at all hazy on the facts of the Fund will like a swift brush up. Not much of a one—just enough to remind her that the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund was founded to help build a better understanding among young people of different countries, as a lasting contribution to peace and good will. And that the reason it was named after the founder of Scouting in America, and established in her memory, was because Juliette Low was so keenly interested in the girls of all countries and felt it so very important that they should come to know and like one another.

Every year since 1927, Girl Scouts and their friends have contributed to this Fund

through regional representatives, who send your money to the National Committee at Headquarters. What happens then is that this Committee and the American International Committee put their wise heads together and carefully—very carefully—decide just exactly where to plant your pennies so that they'll grow the deepest, strongest roots of international good will.

But enough beating about the bush, you say? All right then, here's the number you've been waiting for. It's \$63,508.03—the fine, fat figure that represents the grand total of all your 1945 pennies. Take a good look at it—the largest sum ever collected in the history of the Juliette Low Fund. Not that this record is a world-beater—Guides in the British Commonwealth contributed more, per girl, to their international friendship fund. But it does prove that you can

(Continued on page 39)



Some of your pennies have gone to help these bright-eyed Girl Scouts in China who live in an orphanage in Koloshan



Just a sample of the soap—nine tons in all—sent by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund to Italian children



*Have been waiting  
to hear from you—*



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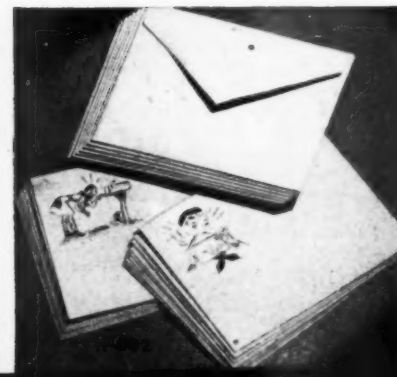
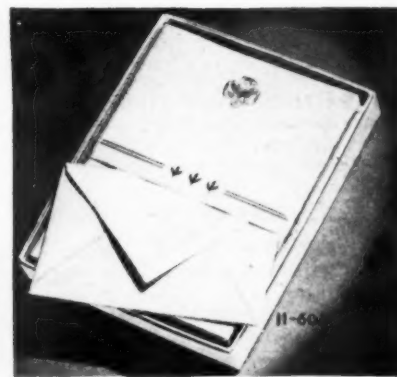
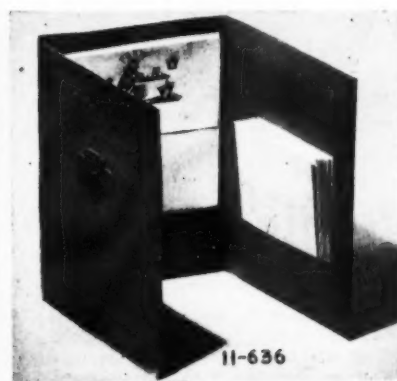
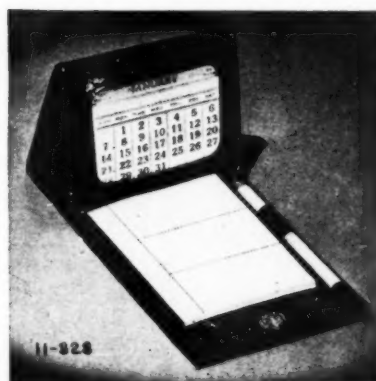
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# ALL OVER THE MAP



A very small French citizen gets his bath from an Eclaireuse (French Girl Scout)

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

• Perhaps by now you and your troop have started to get together the things you are going to put in the Friendship Bags we told you about last month. If you haven't yet decided what country you want them sent to—here is a special plea for Greece. Girl Guide troops in that country had to be disbanded during the war, but the girls carried on by helping in child-feeding stations, day nurseries, and health camps. A Girl Scout worker just returned from Greece, where she was working with UNRRA, reports that Guiding is now growing tremendously, in spite of handicaps. Guides are still unable to have camps of their own because many camping places are full of mines, and it is not safe to wander from the paths that have been cleared. Materials to make things with are practically nonexistent—so much so that Guide pins are being made from bomb fragments.

• **Camp Cedarledge**, of St. Louis, Missouri, reports that the highlight of their camping season this year was a three-day encampment for handicapped girls—nine of them blind, and six of them crippled. The encampment was made possible by the sponsor of the troop, a local businessman, who financed it all. The girls, who had their own troop leaders along with them, staged a formal campfire program, swam, took nature walks, and learned group living, just as any girl does in camp. After it was all over, everyone who had helped with the encampment received special letters of appreciation in Braille, telling them how much the three days camping had meant to their visitors.

• If you're interested in what the war has done to the Scout movement in France, you might like to know that in 1939 about 150,000 boys and girls belonged to the different French Scout associations, and that in 1945, they numbered between 250,000 and 300,000—just about double. All through the war, Scouting continued in both the occupied and unoccupied zones, though it went undercover in the occupied sections and used various disguises. Calling themselves Red Cross groups or singing societies, and giving themselves fictitious names, they were able to meet unmolested. When the Allied armies advanced and streams of liberated prisoners of war passed through Paris on the way to their homes, Boy and Girl Scouts did one of their most outstanding jobs. In the stations of Paris some of them were always on duty to welcome the liberated prisoners, carry their luggage, take them to the various administrative offices, get seats on trains for them, and advise them in their bewilderment. They carried on the work of an army of officials, and the service they rendered so impressed the people of Paris that it became a common thing to direct a bewildered exile to the Scouts in the stations.

• **Girl Scouts** in San Francisco and neighboring cities are enjoying a pleasant glow of achievement, for within a period of six weeks, hundreds of them learned how to market, select foods, plan balanced meals, and cook—earning for themselves the popular homemaking badge. Classes met two hours a week, and were conducted in junior high school laboratories, under the direction of home economists of the local electric com-

pany. Each class was divided into families, and each week a different group of girls played the roles of Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, and were assigned the appropriate duties of marketing, cooking, table-setting, dishwashing. The "family" planned and prepared regular meals, learning the principles of balanced diet. Each girl kept her own eating chart and was scored by the instructor. Windup of the whole thing was a tea for the girls' mothers, for which they prepared all the food, set the table, served, and arranged flowers. Rewarded with special certificates showing they had completed the course with honors, all the girls agreed that the winning of that badge had really been fun.

• "What's the connection between Scouting, a French princess, and your regular trip to a dentist?" sounds like a 864 question, but we can give you the answer. In case you haven't heard, the teeth of the French children have been terribly neglected during the war years. Many of them are desperately in need of good dentistry, and in grave danger of infection from teeth that need attention. One of the difficulties, that is slowing up this much-needed work is the great shortage of instruments and dental equipment. That's where you come in. When you breeze in for your next regular visit, ask your dentist if he has any instruments or equipment he can spare. His donation need not be new or the latest style—it need not even be in perfect repair. Anything he contributes to help the children of France will be mended and put in perfect order. If he has no instruments, don't be downhearted—perhaps you can

wangle some gauze bandages or any of the dozens of other things that dentists use. Then, when you have your contribution, send it to the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York, and be sure to mark your parcel, Attention of Princess Gladys de Polignac. Princess de Polignac is the Frenchwoman who has come to this country to enlist our sympathy and ask our help to better the really dangerous condition of the French children.

• **Looking for a project** that will teach you and your troop more about your own town? You might take a tip from a troop in Orange, New Jersey, who are studying civic government by visiting the City Hall, the Justice Chambers, local courts, and other branches of city government. They plan to top off the program with a visit to the State House of Representatives in Trenton, New Jersey. A member of the local civic club is acting as their guide for these visits.

• **Another project** you will probably want to take part in is the Victory Collection of Canned Food for Relief Overseas. The object of this collection is to get everybody to contribute at least one item of canned food such as vegetables, fruits, juices, meats, fish, soups, baby foods, and prepared cocoa. We hardly have to tell you how desperately this food is needed—there will be starvation in many parts of the world this winter. Ask your leader about this project too—she can give you information about where to write for shipping instructions. Full details will be found in the December issue of "The Girl Scout Leader."

• **Doesn't it give** you sort of a warm, Christmasy feeling to know that the fifteen million pounds of clothing you helped collect for the United Nations Clothing Drive last spring will actually be in the hands of war sufferers this month? Fifteen million pounds may seem like a lot of clothes, but it's not nearly enough to go round to all the people who need them. There will be an-

other clothing drive from January 7th to 31st, and the need is just as great as it was before. The two best ways you can help are by contributing clothing of your own, and by organizing your Scout troop to canvas your neighbors for donations and to take clothing to collection centers. This is a drive with a difference, though, because it can have a personal angle. Everyone contributing clothing may attach a good-will letter to the unknown recipient overseas. Who



knows? Your last year's dress or sweater may reach a Girl Scout, and start an exchange of letters that will be a real hand-clasp of friendship across the sea for you and your troop. One word of warning: Be sure the clothing you donate is clean, that it has the buttons sewed on, and that any holes are mended. Remember that the girl who receives your contribution may have nothing but that one garment to wear, and no material or sewing kit to repair it. If you want to know more about the drive, ask your leader for details.

• **If you'd happened** to be in Houston, Texas, during the last six months, and if you had run a car through a red light or pedaled your bicycle where you shouldn't, you might have been brought into Houston's Junior Traffic Court, and been plenty surprised to find that it was operated for the summer by the Girl Scouts. You would probably have had to hold your jaw together, too, when you found out that you were going to be judged for your crimes by a Girl Scout just about your own age! Organized early this year by the Houston Traffic Safety Commission, the

Junior Traffic Court has already handled nearly 600 cases involving traffic-law violators between the ages of 10 and 17. Girl Scouts sit in all offices of the court which operates on the merit system, giving every junior a credit of 300 points, from which as many as 100 points may be deducted for one violation. So far no junior has used up all his points, but if this should happen, drivers' licenses may be suspended for from one to six months, bicycles may be impounded from one week to one month, or the case may be referred to the Crime Prevention Division of the Houston Police Department. Actually, the court is operated wholly for traffic safety education, but it also keeps the records of junior traffic-law violators separate from police records, avoids involving parents, and serves in promoting leadership. One of the Girl Scout "judges" distinguished herself by handing down a decision in a case concerning a boy motorcyclist and an automobile driver in which both parties seemed equally guilty for the collision. The "judge," who could deal only with the boy, decided to punish him by telling him that if he ever appeared in court again he would lose his full 300 credit points, no matter what the offense was—a condition which would have meant immediate suspension of his license.

The Girl Scouts of Houston have done such a good job in operating the Junior Traffic Court that they are about to receive a written citation for leadership from Mayor Otis Massy and other city officials. Also, because the project has been so successful the Houston Traffic Safety Commission will soon organize a second Junior Traffic Court, which will be operated by and for Negro school boys and girls.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

Girl Scouts at Camp Cedarledge with Mr. Lantz (seated at table at the right) whose generosity made the encampment possible



The American Girl

The first Greek training camp for Girl Guide leaders ever to be organized. Juliette Low Fund pennies helped to finance it





## Captain Kit

(Continued from page 29)

get across before whatever is coming gets here," she thought uneasily, as she circled in toward the Lesters' dock. Elaine and Lessie, one on each side, were pulling Mrs. Lester, still very white, along the dock in a rocking chair. Elaine, however, had washed her face and powdered her nose, and looked as calm and cool as ever.

Kit stowed under the seat the small bag Lessie handed her, and helped to settle Mrs. Lester in the bow, where there was a back rest. Elaine took her place on the broad center seat and Kit, in the stern, pushed the *Kittyken* out from the dock. As she wrapped the cord around the wheel, she addressed the engine in Ken's favorite terms. "Come on, Little Eva. Be a good girl now. Come on, turn over for Mama. Come on, little Eva sweetheart." And Little Eva came on. On the second try, the engine sputtered and caught. Kit threw the switch, stepped up the speed, and headed up the lake toward Essex on the opposite shore.

The bow of the *Kittyken* cut sharply through the still water. The little breeze caused by their motion was hot on their faces. Kit regretted that she had forgotten a hat. With her fair complexion, she never tanned—just went on burning a nice lobstery red. Her nose would be a pretty sight by the time they reached Essex.

Above the noise of the engine, Elaine shouted, "You'll never know how much we appreciate this, Kit. I hope your father won't be angry with us for letting you do it."

She wiped her perspiring upper lip daintily with a fresh white handkerchief. Then she turned to Kit with a worried expression in her blue eyes. "Funny looking sky," she screamed. "Such a queer yellow—and look at those clouds over there!"

Kit's heart gave a little jump. The clouds did have a sinister look, spreading greenish-gray over the horizon ahead of them. They were out in the broad lake now. Would they make it before the storm broke? Looking back at the drooping flag in front of the Lester camp on the receding shore, she estimated they had come about a third of the distance.

**S**UDDENLY the glassy surface of the lake splintered into tiny ripples. Mrs. Lester caught at her smart blue-and-white scarf as the first little breeze swirled it about her head. Kit's hair, which had been loosely knotted on top of her head, streamed out on the rising wind. Luckily it was blowing from the north, and they could head straight into it.

Soon whitecaps topped the tumbling waves, then were lost in rushing walls of dark green water. Mrs. Lester's startled cry when the first icy shower drenched her back came clearly to Kit's ears. The noise of the motor was silenced in a roar of wind and water. Elaine turned around again, her face so white that even her lips were pale. "Go back!" she screamed. "Go back! We'll be drowned."

"She's scared to death," Kit thought, and realized with a throb of fear that neither of her passengers could swim more than a dozen strokes, and that one of them was



**W**ITH a bead needle, sewing silk, and a few sequins you can sparkle. Buy them by the string, or rip them from an old dress. Edge a velvet headband and a party scarf with sequins, or scatter them, thickly on a stand-up tulle bow. Since you only need to sew once through the center of each, it won't take long. Glorify your dress-up sweater with a sequin yoke or monogram. For parties, transform a daytime coat by sewing sequins on a big red rose, leaves and all, and making sequin-covered buttons. Widely spaced sequins on the full net skirt of last year's dance frock add up to a sparkling makeover. The same goes for scattering them on a shoulder ruffle. Add sequins to a barrette with nail polish. Make a choker and a glitter bracelet by thickly covering velvet ribbon with sequins and folding it into a tube effect. A few stitches keep it in shape and snaps close it. Make sequin-covered ribbon bows for slippers, and fasten them with earring clips. You'll add gaiety to the party if you glisten a bit! Sew on a sequin!

by KAY HARDY



seriously injured. She tried to call out to them, but the wind snapped the words out of her mouth. It was almost impossible to breathe against that rushing force. At times she could not see the Vermont shore at all over the great shoulder of water behind her; sometimes the propeller, lifted completely out of the water, spun madly in the air.

For a moment Kit knew panic. In this mad turmoil of wind and water she was alone, running the *Kittyken* and responsible for the safety of her passengers. She was tempted to follow Elaine's advice and turn back. How good it would be to have her feet solidly on her own dock again! But common sense told her it would be worse than folly to attempt to go about in this sea. Broadside to these mountains of water, ten to one they would capsize. They must be as far, now, from the Vermont shore as from the New York side, and anyway, she didn't dare do anything but keep right on up the lake, taking the waves head on. What else could Ken do if he were here?

**S**UDDENLY she knew what Ken would do—the only thing to do—run straight up the lake in the teeth of the wind, until she was in the lee of Diamond Island; then try to put about and head diagonally south before the wind into Essex Harbor. She steadied her grip on the tiller. She was calm, now that she knew what she was going to do. Gesturing with one hand, she tried to explain to Elaine, and motioned her to keep the life preservers handy. It was hard to keep the tiller steady against the pounding of the waves. Kit held it with two blistering hands. If only Little Eva kept on turning. If the engine ever died in this sea—she found herself repeating over and over again through clenched teeth, "Come on Little Eva! Come on Little Eva!"

Then, its outline distorted through the flying spray, Diamond Island loomed ahead. She must be careful here, because of the shifting and uncertain sand bar which ran out from the southern shore. Suddenly she felt the boat steady in the calmer waters as she gained the lee of the island, and realized that she could breathe now without effort. Carefully she slowed for the turn, murmuring prayerful endearments to the engine, and Little Eva responded magnificently with a heart-warming, steady throbbing.

As they ran out from the lee of the island and headed diagonally south before the wind, a great wave broke over the stern, but Kit hardly felt the cold deluge which plastered her blouse and shorts to her body. Apparently they were going to ship more water in this direction. As a second wave broke, Elaine slid off the seat and crouched, moaning, in the bottom of the boat. With the wind at her back now, Kit could make her passengers hear. She kicked a can down to Elaine and told her to bail. Action did the girl good, for she stopped her hysterical sobbing and bailed with a desperate frenzy.

Hot, jagged needles of pain ran across Kit's shoulders; her arms were numb, and her hands seemed to burn down to the bone. She felt that it was only the periodical slap of the cold waves breaking over her back that kept her from slumping down in the bottom of the boat beside Elaine. Then, through the wet strands of hair blown for-

(Continued on page 56)



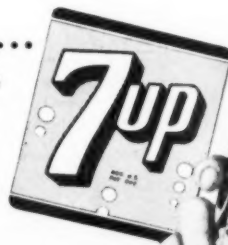
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by ROBERT LAWSON

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THE FENCE  
a painting for  
*Tom Sawyer*  
by NORMAN ROCKWELL

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RAIN, a drawing by  
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40

## Your Pennies Talk Back

(Continued from page 32)

take the troubles of this planet in your stride—a thing we *all* must do for many many years to come. Nice going!

Especially nice because this year there are more demands than ever on the Fund, more chances to put it to wonderful uses. People who've studied conditions overseas report that—at least for this year—civilians in war-torn cities and towns and villages will suffer more than ever before. We in our cozy American beds should keep reminding ourselves that the simplest comforts aren't even for sale in communities where homes, crops, factories, stores, and transportation systems have been destroyed. Just as you suspected, Watson, this year Juliette Low pennies are mostly going to bring creature comforts to the children in these sad countries, and then to help them reestablish their Scouting activities. Don't think your Committee hasn't had its troubles, for playing hide-and-seek with supplies and shipping space isn't the easiest thing in the world. But you'll agree that they've accomplished wonders.

To start with our old friend England, your Juliette Low World Friendship Fund sent \$5,000 to the British Girl Guides Association to help Guides whose homes and belongings were destroyed by robot bombs. Appreciated? But definitely—thank-you letters are coming in by the dozen!

The largest portion of this year's Fund goes to buy food and clothing, as fast as it can be packed up, to send to children in liberated countries of Europe. On the clothing side you've already shipped many, many yards of woolen uniform material—navy blue, light brown and dark—to Scouts and Guides in France, Denmark, Belgium, Norway, Greece, Czechoslovakia, little Luxembourg, Italy, and The Netherlands. Girls in those countries will make their own uniforms with the needles, thread, and buttons you've sent over—and we know many cases where these hand-sewn articles will be doubling for the winter's only nice, warm school dress. Berets and stockings have been sent, too, and a special fund of \$5,000 has been set aside to send much-needed sweaters to Polish children, many of them still in camps in Germany.

**AS FOR** the food, your pennies are helping dispense that in several countries. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, you're supplying enough eggs, milk, and fat for two hundred children for six months!

Because of your Fund, twelve thousand gurgling Italian babies will have their baths, complete with nice pure soap, for three or four weeks of this year. That means you've sent about nine tons of soap, each carton bearing this friendly message: "This is a gift from the Girl Scouts of the United States to the children of Italy and brings with it their good wishes." And around the globe to China your Committee has sent \$10,000 in your behalf, to help Chinese war orphans at the model Koloshan Orphanage. Many of the girls there are Scouts—like the two cheerful ones in the picture.

Certain Pathfinders in Holland had a special problem all their own. What they

(Continued on page 41)

## It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Dimes & Dates:** It's a new calendar bank that takes nickels, dimes, and quarters, and makes you save to keep up with the times. Deposit any one of the three coins and you change the date. It takes a quarter to change the month. And there's a conscience slot on top that takes bills and 50c coins. Made of ivory shockproof plastic, it's good-looking and its pickproof lock resists temptation.

**Santa's Glow:** This year you can really do something new and different about that Christmas tree. For now you'll be able to get round, fluorescent lights. They come in coral, blue, green, and maize. Needing no special equipment, they do more than just illuminate the tree; they make it glow.



**Royal Rayon:** Look for them in the stores very shortly now—suits and dresses, evening and daytime and sportswear—made out of a wonderful new rayon fabric. It's closely woven and fine as silk. But that's only the beginning. You can wash and dry and iron a dress—all in 45 minutes. Add to that: this new fabric doesn't yellow, doesn't rot—and it's so crease-resistant that you can take a long-stored garment out of a trunk, and have it free of wrinkles in just a few hours by hanging it up.

**Titled Toothbrushes:** You've probably had that old trouble: getting your brush mixed up with others in the family. Or mixing up the one you use in the morning with the one for evening. Now you can end mix-ups. You can have new nylon toothbrushes marked with your first name—or with "morning," "noon," "night."



**Platter Without Shatter:** Have you seen them yet—answer to the disc-player's dream? They're new nonbreakable, high-fidelity phonograph records. Made of synthetic plastic, you can hammer them, twist them, dash them to the floor—but no break. And they're not only easier to handle, but they play with greatly reduced surface noise. You'll find them at your favorite music store soon—at about double the cost of usual records.



**Table Tempter:** Something new for the breakfast table is always an occasion for rejoicing. For the new morning eatables are few and far between. This one is a breakfast cereal that tastes, not like just another cereal variation, but like spicy applesauce. It's made of pulverized apples, farina, and seasoning. Cook it in five minutes and don't be surprised if you like it for dessert at other meals as well.



**For Your Hero:** If he's on the way home—or even already arrived—bedecked with medals, here's what you'll want to preserve that especially good-looking picture of him in uniform, and those medals as well. It's a combination frame. One side has the normal mount for the picture; the other has a padded velvet back mount for the medals.

**Trick Switch:** Here's an improvement for your room that will become the envy of every other member of the household. It's a timer switch for lights. A unique device, you can set it for any interval from zero to three minutes, so that after you press the switch, the proper interval elapses before lights go on or off. One typical use: turning the switch off at night, then jumping into bed and having the lights go out after you're tucked away.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New!" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.





### His Height Was Tall

BURBANK, CALIFORNIA: What a beautiful cover on the October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! It interested me because I knew the photographer and the horse. The horse's name is Shorty. I need not tell you of his beauty, as it is disclosed on the cover. The picture was taken near where I used to live in Burbank, California.

The last I heard of Shorty, he was on a large ranch near San Diego. He was named Shorty because of his height, which was very tall.

I am now fourteen and live in another section of Burbank. I still love horses, and I hope to own one like Shorty some day.

LOHRAINE LAWSON

### Off the Shelf

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA: I am so glad you have realized at last that the true American girl isn't so antiquated. I shall be very frank in saying that each month I would leaf through your dull magazine, just as a gesture, and speedily give it to the paper drive. I had received so many gift subscriptions to your magazine that I will still get it in 1948. This made me rather unhappy, but now I am thrilled after seeing your new September and October issues. The new *AMERICAN GIRL* is just wonderful.

I do have one suggestion to make—I know that many of your readers are interested in writing. So why don't you give us a space for contributions? See what we can do!

Thanks again for the wonderful new magazine that won't lie dustily on the shelf.

DEE SHETTER

### V-J Day in England

STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND: I am writing to you to tell you how we in our town spent V-J Day. On Tuesday night, when it was announced, there were bonfires blazing before you could say "Jack Robinson." On our bonfire we had guys made of Hitler, Himmler, Goebels, Goering, etc., and they were stuffed from head to foot with fireworks. And believe me, they went off with a bang! We didn't go to bed until about five o'clock next morning.

Next afternoon we had a party. When we went to the party we were presented with a mug on which was painted a crown, V-J Day 1945, and our initials. Then we really started. For tea we had jellies, trifles, blanc-

mange, chocolate eclairs, cream buns, custards, pop, tea, coffee, and cocoa. Afterward we played games, had our photographs taken, had a fancy-dress ball, and then a bonfire and a fireworks display. What a sight! After not having seen fireworks for six years, you can guess what we felt like. We roasted potatoes and chestnuts on the bonfire.

Next day we had a big parade, with seventeen brass bands, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Brownies, Cubs, Nurses, Red Cross Nurses, St. John's Ambulance Brigade, policemen, National Fire Services, the mayor and members of the Town Council, and Youth Clubs with their banners. Our Youth Club was first, because it is the biggest in town. Well, so much for V-J Day.

Thanks a million for such a swell magazine. The stories I liked best are about Pat Downing and her sister. That is all for now, and thanks again.

BERNADETTE GRICE

### Young Fashions

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT: I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I enjoy the letters and stories. I would appreciate it very much if you would devote a section to fashions for girls my own age. The fashions which do appear are very attractive, but they are too grown-up for pre-teens.

JACQUELINE M. OWENS

### Looking Forward

BELLEVILLE, MICHIGAN: I received my October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and it is just swell. I received great joy from reading the stories and articles and many other things it provided. I think the story *Double Play* is tops—it is a very good story and attractively illustrated. I'm looking forward to next month's issue to hear more about Ann Morehouse, and I'm also anxious to read more about Lucy Ellen.

I am fourteen and a freshman in high school.

BESSIE BACHMAN

### More Horses

CHICO, CALIFORNIA: I have just received my October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I want to congratulate you on the cover and I hope you have more with horses. I am also glad to hear Lucy Ellen is coming back.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year. I think the September and

October issues are the best in a long time. I hope we have more stories like *Ducña for a Day*.

BARBARA GAIL PAULSON

### Admiral Nimitz

LEGIAN, TEXAS: I just love the new *AMERICAN GIRL*. I will admit that I was getting rather tired of the magazine, but this pepped-up version is wonderful! Keep it up won't you?

I have had the great honor today of marching in a parade for Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Kerrville, Texas, is the town where he went to school, and we live only two miles from Kerrville. It was a grand occasion, probably the most important thing that ever has and ever will happen in this town. It was hard to realize that the white-haired, grinning man up on the platform was the one who was largely responsible for winning the war. It is an experience which I shall never forget.

I just wish everyone in America could have heard the few words he spoke. It's difficult for me to comprehend the fact that I stood face to face with a man who made history; about whom my descendants will study in school. He seemed like such a friendly, ordinary man, and I guess he is just that, only he achieved more than the ordinary man.

Another thing I learned today is that this great admiral graduated from the very school I attend. He made something great of himself, and if he did, that means all school children have the same chance to make good. It means that I, too, have a chance to be a great person. It's a very thrilling thought.

JOAN GIRLINGHOUSE

### Dog Crazy

CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY: I suppose I am just another one of your ardent readers, especially since the September and October issues. What happened? I never saw anything to beat those super improvements.

Only one thing missing, as far as I'm concerned. Please, could you manage a few dog pictures and dog stories? I am positively "dog crazy." I read every story and inspect every single picture of a dog that comes my way. I'd appreciate it very much if you would do this for me.

MARTA WOODHULL

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



## Your Pennies Talk Back

(Continued from page 39)

wanted was dye for their neckties—which they made out of pieces of old sheets, by the way. So you came through with necktie dye—sky blue and yellow! You've sent a cheerful load of books to Dutch children convalescing in England, and when your Committee got wind of the fact that girls in Greece and Czechoslovakia wanted to start camping again, they hustled around and found some equipment for them.

At the suggestion of a Girl Scout UNRRA worker in Greece, your Committee sent \$500 in cash to the Greek Girl Guides Association, to bring together sixty Guiders from twenty-seven Greek communities for an inspiring two weeks. This was the first national training encampment ever held in Greece. While right here at Camp Edith Macy, \$3,000 from the Fund made possible two successful international workshops—one in June for leaders of this country, Europe, Asia, and Canada, and another in August for representatives of the United States, Canada, and the Latin-American countries.

**Y**OUR Fund sent contributions of \$1,000 each to the World Bureau and the Thinking Day Fund to help still further with the rebuilding of Scouting and Guiding in liberated countries. The interesting Juliette Low Museum in Savannah received \$100 to help with its running expenses. And you already know how your Fund made possible (with the help of Brazil, Canada, and Cuba) the printing of the Polish Girl Scout handbook, and how you've sent everything, from paper clips to leaders' hats, to the Philippines, where even the Scouts' office building was destroyed.

By the time this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* reaches you, four sturdy lorries will be chugging into French villages and towns, carrying food which up to now has been transported largely by bicycle! You and the British Girl Guides are sharing the cost of these lorries, which have the World Trefoil and the Girl Scout badge painted on their doors.

We could go on like this practically indefinitely, reciting these tales of your goodness and mercy. But isn't this enough—enough to convince you beyond a shadow of a doubt that every penny you sent the Fund is carrying a practical message of good will around this troubled old world?

If you've really liked our facts and figures, you can see many more like them in the 1945 Juliette Low World Friendship Fund Report. Your troop leader will probably be glad to lend you her copy of this little blue booklet. For one thing, it's fun to look up your own town's contribution and see how it looks in black and white—you'll find it listed in the back of the book. For another thing, we all need reminding that we can't just rest on the laurels of our good 1945 report, for the work of the Fund goes on forever. To encourage us all to an even bigger and better job, the report prints some very good hints on money-raising for the 1946 Fund. Better start mulling these over, don't you think? And in the meantime, keep right at those World Friendship Bags, won't you?

THE END



## How to move a mountain!

**I**F THIS CHRISTMAS vacation finds you in some magic spot, like this pine-covered valley inching up the side of a mountain...

Or when you and your friends surround a warm log fire...

Reach for your camera. Take a picture!

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## Signs in the Sky

(Continued from page 11)

or in a training plane. A few *do* have jobs that involve flying. One, for example, is secretary to the publicity man of a leading airplane manufacturing company, and occasionally she gets a chance to fly a new plane from the factory to a purchaser, run an errand in the sky, or fly to a near-by town to give a talk on aviation. She earns about \$250 a month.

Already the first wave of veterans has reached home, and there are several competent men pilots for each flying job that is immediately available. So the competition is tough, and you'll be a wise child not to set your heart on being a pilot and a pilot only. Of course there are always exceptions, and exceptional people can get exceptional jobs. If you're a very skilled pilot, for instance, with just the right personality, you might turn out to be a super airplane saleswoman or demonstrator. Or, as a competent secretary, whose duties include piloting a plane, you might be worth more to your businessman boss than a male pilot.

But come now, don't let us discourage you. The woods are full of fascinating jobs in this aviation business where the competition, though keen, won't be unbeatable. How would you like to be an Air Traffic Controller or an Aircraft Communicator? The CAA has been hiring women for these jobs, starting them at \$1800 a year in training. Government officials warn, however, that competition is in the offing from men with

special experience and skill in these jobs, who will soon be released from the Army and Navy.

Or will it be an air-lines office job—ticket selling, publicity writing, air travel solicitor, or a responsible secretarial or clerical job that calls for an intelligent grasp of air problems? Male competition in these jobs won't be so tough and salaries start at around \$1200 a year. Or what about meteorology? There's a specialized field of rising importance, for which training can be had today in many good universities. The Weather Bureau, air lines, and private shipping firms are all in the market for meteorologists nowadays, and pay about \$1500 a year to beginners. You'll qualify for this course of training if you're at least seventeen, and a high-school graduate with at least one year of math and science (physics preferred). But better write the Weather Bureau or the Civil Service Commission for more details on this.

Perhaps the most useful and exciting air-line job is the very one where men offer no competition at all. It's the job of air-line stewardess. All the air lines employ stewardesses now, and in the huge superstratoliners of tomorrow there may well have to be several with each crew. Girls can safely set sights on this job and train for it. If you write direct to the air lines for information, you'll find that some no longer require candidates to be registered nurses, and that most insist on a college degree, or two years of college plus two years of business experience. Beginning pay is around \$175 a month on these jobs—imagine being paid to be a globe-trotter!

There's another branch of this aviation business where many smart girls will carve brilliant careers, and it's called aeronautical engineering. Competition from men will be keen here, yes, but it will be strictly on the basis of ability, originality, and skill. Success will be based on training, experience, and production, and your sex will be no handicap. The aeronautical engineer must be a college graduate, and the girl planning this career has a wide choice of colleges and universities which offer aeronautical courses. Plenty of math and science courses in high school are a must, of course. Women have already pioneered in this engineering field—there's Elsa Gardner, Elizabeth McGill, Doris Clinton, and many others in recent war posts. But the work isn't all done yet. Experts say the best planes haven't been designed yet, and that there's room for improvement in every plane now flying. In fact, what Charles F. Kettering, famous research director of General Motors once said may be applied right now to aviation: "Everything needs to be done over again, and done right."

**I**F YOU feel you're the big executive type, why not work to be an airport manager? There's room at the top here, but only young people with real ability, energy, and vision need apply. A woman has a fair chance to make the grade here—today, in this country, more than thirty women manage airports, several of them municipal ones. Others own or lease airports and operate their own aviation schools and businesses there. Perhaps you've heard of Mrs. Roy Wilson, who saw her husband killed in an air accident at the Schiller Park, Illinois, field which she was helping him operate. Brave woman that she is, she stayed on at the field and continued to operate it successfully alone. Then there's the bright career of Mrs. Dot Lemon, who started early in flying as part of a barnstorming crew, and went through the trials and starvation which usually featured that calling. But she piled up thousands of hours of flying time and, with her husband, became operator of a large airfield in Florida.

Do you frown just a little bit on the girl in your class who's all out to be a flight instructor? Then let me tell you about Evelyn Burleson, who married her own flying teacher, then worked with him as an instructor, did aviation writing, and held a few air-line jobs until she arrived near the top. She was one of those who were ready when the Army wanted thousands of pilots trained—and quickly. Evelyn became, in fact, one of 43 women who owned or operated training schools for pilots of the armed forces! Women do make good instructors, you know—in the air, in Link Trainers on the ground, and in air-school classrooms—and here's a really solid way to be a useful Air Age citizen.

Let's think now of the new jobs for women that private flying will soon produce. No one can predict how fast, or just which way, this field will develop, but experts feel that, in a general way, all the jobs the automobile industry produced will be duplicated when people begin to take the children for a Sunday afternoon spin in the family plane. A social, clublike atmosphere around the airports where the private owners garage their planes is predicted, too, and this will call for more airport hostesses than ever before—not to mention restaurant managers, accessory

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saleswomen, tourist agency workers, baby watchers, nurses, and hundreds of other jobs particularly suited to women!

Consider, next, industrial flying and its opportunities for women. Included here are such operations as seeding from the air, spraying and dusting crops and mosquito centers, aerial photography, destruction of animal pests (like wolves and coyotes) spotting fish for fishing fleets, patrolling communication and oil lines. To be sure, women may not do the flying in these jobs—again because there probably will be more than enough experienced men pilots available. But they can be owners, or partners, in these up-and-coming businesses, and perform most of the essential duties in their operation. Many a woman is doing just this already, and with success.

Just remember, you high school girls of today, that you've got everything on your side! You can start training right now for your aviation career. And as you train, you can watch the direction in which this great industry is going to develop. Always keep a clear plan for the future in the back of your mind, and make every move count toward an interesting and satisfying career.

As for flying, chances are you girls of today will be pilots anyhow, whether you fly for a living or not. In the years ahead it'll be as natural to drive Dad's or the boy friend's plane as it is today to drive the family car. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain if you plan to work for a paying job in aviation—and to fly for fun. Keep a sharp eye on the windsock and you'll have a fine future in aviation.

THE END

**Be a Smart Girl**

(Continued from page 17)

overdo it. If you're not tall, a skirt that's too full can make you look like one of those old-fashioned pincushions—a frail, little china-doll top with a solid, squat bottom.

Tall, slim girls are considered lucky, but they have their problems, too. Does your collarbone stand out like a stalwart fence? Shoulder blades do a wing-ding whenever you move? Then cover up. Settle for a sweep of crepe from neck to ankle, with a little fullness above a tight-fitting waist and a skirt that moves gracefully when you dance. Carry yourself straight and tall. Remember that professional models are usually five feet eight and up—height is nothing to worry about.

The short, square girl is apt to look better in long skirts than anything else. She is usually blessed with a pretty neck and shoulders, and will feel like a dream princess in an off-shoulder basque that makes her waist seem inches smaller. Her skirt should flare out widely, to add to the illusion.

There are don'ts a-plenty evening dresses which apply to all sizes, shapes, and shades of American girls. Don't have the skirt too long. You're apt to catch a heel in it, and that'll be the end of both dress and equilibrium. Don't wear heels that are uncomfortably high. Little flat-heeled sandals of satin, gold, or silver kid should be back on the market soon. Don't be afraid of color.

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you easy to find on the dance floor—and a big bow or bustle in the back can have the same effect.

Don't argue with your mother if she says "No!" to a very drooly dream of sophistication. She's right—it won't look right on you quite yet. There's no sense in rushing things, and you'll look lost in a dress that would be perfect for Barbara Stanwyck. Your face is too young to top such a costume—innocent bystanders will get the impression of a head and body assembled by mistake!

Do have a neat little evening bag—you can even make a drawstring pouch yourself out of a scrap of satin, brocade, or velvet. Carry your compact, comb, handkerchief, and lipstick in it—not in your date's pockets. And if you have to comb your hair or make any other repairs in the course of the evening, do it in the privacy of the dressing room.

For the gathering that's definitely a party, but an informal one, you'll want to wear a date dress. Something pretty and frivolous and feminine. Don't turn up wearing your most beaten-up loafers, a plaid skirt that should be turned over to the moths, and a sweater that sags like an old turkey's wattles. On the other hand, keep away from dresses that seem buried in ruffles, sequins, and cheap lace. The best clothes, whether they cost \$150 or \$4.95, depend upon good basic lines. It's easy to cover up a badly cut neck or shoulder with fancy trimmings, but somehow the fault shines through every time.

In date dresses, the line that's smart this year is your old darling—full skirt, tight waist, soft blouse above. You'll find it in pastel wool jersey, in crêpe, in faille, in velvet and taffeta. And if you can't hunt it down in the stores, it's the easiest thing to achieve at home. Out of a few yards of pretty material you can make a simple blouse and a matching dirndl which will give the effect of a one-piece dress.

Necklines are still as you like them—square, round, oval, high, low, medium. With a round face, try a V; if your face is long, let the neckline hug your throat; and if your throat is swanlike, wear a dog collar. These came in last year, but they're still as good as gold. Square-faced girls should try lowish necklines, and oval-faced can wear nearly everything. Sleeves have gone softy. Puffs are coming back, and very pretty they look. Somehow they give a party look to the plainest of dresses.

**C**OLOR can give you a festive feeling—and black touched with color is particularly good for special doings. Don't wear all black, though. It's trying unless you've a perfect complexion, outstanding hair, and the poise of a diplomat.

About-the-house fashions are in order when the girls come over to gab and gobble toasted marshmallows, or when you're off on a house party, or just to spend the night. You can be hostess in a housecoat that's sternly tailored as a uniform or soft and bright as a rose bouquet. You can wear slacks with a sweater tucked in and trimly belted, or a pair of gay wool pajamas. These are lounging clothes—nice to have at home and to take visiting. But remember, they're too informal for anything but the most casual affair. You could wear them to breakfast at your house, or when you visit

someone's home—but if you're staying at a hotel, remember that for breakfast in the dining room you *dress*. And I mean dress. You wear your street clothes, including a hat and gloves.

No matter what you wear, or how suitably, comfortably, and becomingly you're dressed, you'll look all wrong if there are spots on your skirt, wrinkles in the rear, or if the touches of white on a pretty frock are grubby. Learn to use cleaning fluid and an iron. Don't press anything but cotton without a pressing cloth, or you'll wind up with shiny spots that won't look any more attractive on your clothes than on your nose. Make a new year's resolution to keep trim and clean.

Merry Christmas and may you be very happy, well dressed, and well groomed in a neat New Year!

THE END

**Clover Creek**

(Continued from page 7)

met hers with a twinkle. And Betty Lee knew, without being told, that she and Rompy could stay.

Later, she found that Mrs. Martin's cottage abounded in luxuries. It had a bathroom, an unheard-of convenience in the tenant houses Betty Lee's family had occupied. The tub held her entranced. The water came hot or cold. The soap smelt of roses. The bath towel was generous in size.

Betty Lee put on the clean dress that she had in her parcel, and ran a comb through her hair.

Mrs. Martin said, "How sweet you look!" and sent her to the propagating shed with a box of labels. "If customers show up, find out what they want. I'll be with you when the grocery boy takes my order."

Betty Lee found the propagating shed. She stacked flowerpots, and cleaned off the shelf. In the doorway, she paused. A car stood near the drive. Two women strolled down the path. One of them caught sight of her.

"I want to know," she demanded, "whether *Pulmonaria angustifolia azurea* is blue or rose. *Azurea* means blue. It must be blue."

The smaller woman insisted that *Pulmonaria angustifolia* was rose. One woman was tremulous; the other had vexed tears in her eyes.

"Can't you tell us?" the little woman cried at Betty Lee.

"I can find out for you."

"Ask whether Mrs. Martin has *Anchusa myosotidiflora*," the larger woman commanded. "And *Narcissus bulbocodium conspicuus*."

Betty Lee sprinted for the house. But one name after another slipped her memory. At the porch, she could say only that two women were in the garden and that they sounded put out. Mrs. Martin laughed at Betty Lee, and welcomed her customers serenely.

"Is *Pulmonaria angustifolia rose*?" asked the little woman.

"Or blue?" the other persisted.

"It's both," said Mrs. Martin.

She explained that the buds came out a deep rose. Later the color changed to blue. The customers gaped, and soared to amiability. Mrs. Martin directed Betty Lee to



the cold frames. The pots were labeled. Betty Lee found *Anchusa myosotidiflora*. She took it to the propagating shed. Mrs. Martin turned the pot upside down and tapped it on the edge of the shelf. The plant slipped out, soil intact. Mrs. Martin laid the plant on newspaper, rolled it, and stood it in a box.

Betty Lee learned, before the morning was over, that boxes were filled when Mrs. Martin finished with a customer. She loved the plants, knew what countries they came from, and what soil they needed.

Betty Lee counted out a dozen bulbs labeled "Angel's Tears," from Portugal, and another dozen labeled "Fairy Lilies," from South America. But she could not tap plants against the shelf with success. By early afternoon she had a stack of broken crockery. She whisked it into a box.

"I'm heavy-handed," she thought. Then she remembered there would be no wages forthcoming unless she "caught on."

"Are you hungry?" Mrs. Martin asked, approaching. "Let's eat."

Betty Lee indicated the box. "I want to pay for these pots out of my wages," she said.

"You're the first one!" Mrs. Martin replied. "Don't give me a shock like that."

Food tasted good. After lunch Betty Lee reset chrysanthemums. Mrs. Martin showed her how to divide the clumps. With her hands in the soil, Betty Lee felt in her element. She planted and sang.

Toward evening Mrs. Martin came to see how she had done.

"Fine!" she approved. "But that's enough."

By the back steps, Rompy sat waiting with Mr. Anderson. Betty Lee hugged him. "Why are you so good?"

"I talk to him," Elias explained. "We've been fishing."

Following dinner, Betty Lee sat on the back steps with a book. She looked up every plant she had heard of during the day, and read until dark.

From a chair on the screened porch, Mrs. Martin remarked, "Betty Lee, you may use Janet's room. Or there's a bed on the porch."

"On the porch will do."

"Come look."

To Betty Lee, Janet's room appeared exquisite. Organdy at the windows. And furniture painted blue.

"You prefer this?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"I couldn't sleep. It's too fine."

"Fine? It's simple and plain, as it should be."

The suggestion startled Betty Lee. Evidently there was some virtue in plainness. It was relaxing to find herself on the porch again, after Mrs. Martin's "Good night," sitting on the side of the single iron bed.

SHE undressed, slipped her gown on, and lay down. A bed all to herself! No little sisters and brothers sleeping crosswise. She looked upward in satisfaction. It had been different last night. Now she had a roof over her head. Rompy, under the porch, had a roof over his head, too.

Her eyes closed. She had a prayer to say, and she began it in good faith. But the prayer, on a sigh, merged into sleep. . . .

When Betty Lee had worked seven days,

Mrs. Martin handed her five one-dollar bills, with no deduction. She had caught on!

"Thank you," she said. "I want to take this to my mother."

Elias Anderson asked, "How you aim to get there?"

"Walk. I'll bring back some yellow violet plants."

"If one of the kids would come driving in for the week end, you'd be set," Mrs. Martin told her. "Dad, could Luke take her?"

"Reckon so, if his car's holding together. He's a lazy mortal!"

Mrs. Martin agreed. "You could find a better man than Luke Coggins to handle that farm."

Betty Lee's eyes widened. "Does Mr. Anderson own a farm?"

"The one adjoining."

That was where Betty Lee had asked for work. The tall fellow was Luke! "Gee, imagine owning a farm like that."

Elias basked in her admiration. "Go over early in the morning and tell Luke I said to take you," he directed her.

Betty Lee was ready to start at six thirty the next morning. She fastened Rompy on the screened porch, stuffed her money into the pocket of her overalls, and set off. She met no one on the road except two young fellows in a roadster. "Hi-ya, kid!" Betty Lee looked straight ahead, till the motor sounded at a distance behind her.

She eyed the grassy cotton rows. Luke, she thought, was a no-account. Presently a motor horn sounded. It was the roadster that had passed earlier, coming back. The two fellows saw her. The brakes screeched.

## Christmas gift!...Have a Coca-Cola



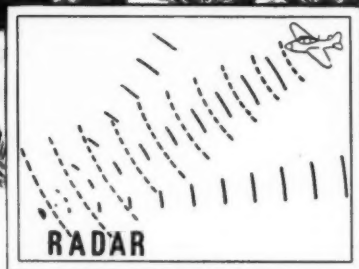
*...the presents arrive from the folks at home*

What a time to celebrate! No wonder Merry Christmas and Have a Coke are heard from all hands. Words that speak of good cheer. The good things get around in this world and Coca-Cola is one of them—a symbol of American ways.



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To relieve itchy, smarting of pimples, and so aid healing—soothing Resinol Ointment does a world of good. Get both at any drug store today.



**RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP**

As the roadster slid to a stop, Betty Lee leaped the fence.

"Hi! Come on with us!"

She saw one of the fellows half fall getting out of the car. The motor roared as the driver began to back. He kept shouting, "Wait a minute!"

Betty Lee decided she had waited long enough. She turned and raced across the field for the Coggins' house. One of the boys started to run after her. The fence was no barrier for her pursuer. She put forth all her strength. The house! Betty Lee streaked through the doorway, and on down the hall.

In the back yard, a woman stood at a washtub. Betty Lee collapsed on the stoop. The woman came to her aid as the young fellow loped around the house.

"What you up to," she cried, "chasing this girl?"

"That's no girl," the red-faced fellow hooted. "That's a deer!" He contemplated Betty Lee. "Hi! I'm George Baney. Bob Martin's waiting for you. His mother sent him back to take you somewhere."

Betty Lee jumped up. She remembered now what Mrs. Martin had said, that some of the family might come driving down for the week end.

"I feel foolish," she admitted to George.

"No more than I," said he. "So long." And he stalked away toward the Martin cottage.

"I'm Mrs. Coggins," the woman said. "You'll find Bob Martin more to your liking."

**E**MBARRASSMENT overwhelmed Betty Lee when she saw Bob at the gate, watching her approach. He was tall for his seventeen years. In pullover and corduroys, he looked to be a man. He held the gate open.

"Sorry I scared you," he said, and stowed her in the car. "I saw George leaving," he added, as he started the motor.

They were off at his usual speed.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Mom didn't say."

"Betty Lee Carter."

"You're lucky. I know a girl named after her mother, grandmother, and aunt. We use the initials and call her 'Pert'."

Betty Lee felt grateful to her mother for choosing a name that met his approval. Thinking of her mother, she reached into her pocket and fingered the bills. They sped across a bridge and came out on a level stretch of road.

"How far do you live?" Bob inquired.

"Eight miles." She held tight. "Your car's fast."

"This is George's bus. Are you helping Mom with the flowers?"

Betty Lee said that she was.

"That's my job when school's out," Bob said. "I'd rather farm, though."

The implication in his words overcame her. Would she be without work as soon as his school was out? As the roadster clipped the miles, the shadows of the bottom lands matched her downward mood.

"Must be tough through here when the river's up," Bob remarked. "Clover Creek, around our place, is bad enough."

Where the crossroad turned off, a shack hid under the trees.

"Our house is next!" Betty Lee said eagerly.

Bob pulled up in a car before a second shack. Its doors sagged open. They could see straight through the room. With the motor stilled, a silence become noticeable.

Betty Lee looked bewildered. "Where are the children?"

She hurried with Bob to the doorway. The furniture had been taken out. The room stood empty.

"It looks as if they've moved!" Bob stepped into the room. "What could have happened to them?"

Betty Lee faced him, tragic, dismayed. They could not be gone! Her folks. "Mother!" she cried in a panic. "Mother, where are you?"

(To be continued)

## Holiday Hostess

(Continued from page 31)

and to top the whole thing off—float a handful of popcorn on top of each cupful. Fill the cups only three fourths full and you'll have more fun "bobbing" to catch the popcorn. A standard fourteen-ounce can of bouillon, plus an equal amount of tomato juice, will make about five good servings.

Another favorite for yuletide entertaining is hot mulled tomato juice. To make it, put into a large saucepan:

5 cups tomato juice	2 sticks cinnamon,
6 tablespoons brown sugar	about 3 inches long
6 whole cloves	4 slices lemon

Bring these ingredients to a slow boil, simmer for five minutes, and strain. Serve piping hot with thin slices of lemon and orange floating on top. This makes one and a half quarts of hot mulled tomato juice, approximately eight servings.

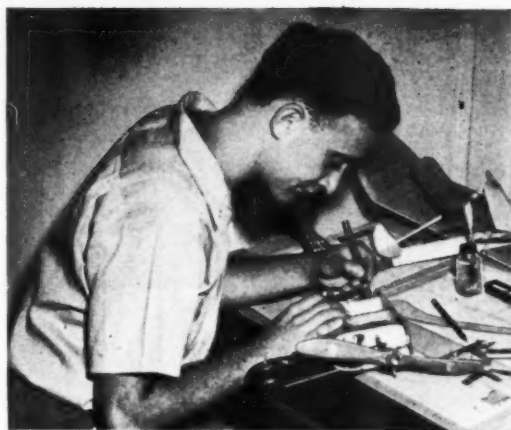
### CHRISTMAS SALADS

A crisp and colorful salad makes a happy ending for any holiday party, and is a kind friend to figures and complexions. Here's one called "Christmas Star Salad" that can be started the day before.

Use one package of cherry or raspberry-flavored gelatin, follow directions given on the package, and pour the mixture into a shallow cake pan to jell. Do the same with a package of lime-flavored gelatin in another pan. When you're ready to put your salad together, cut a large star in the red gelatin with a star cookie cutter, and cut a smaller star in the green gelatin. Lift out carefully with a spatula, and put them on a leaf of lettuce, with the smaller star on top. Allowing one for each guest, arrange the individual salads on a large platter and set a small bowl of mayonnaise in the center. Stack your salad plates, and line up the forks and napkins on each side for a pretty arrangement. Your mother may be relieved about her best dishes if you get some gay paper party plates at the five-and-ten.

Part of this next salad can be made the day before, and the rest the next morning or a few hours before the party begins. Allow one orange for each guest. Cut a slice across the top, carefully scoop out the pulp, and "pink" the edges of the shells with kitchen

(Continued on page 49)



## HIS PLANES WIN PRIZES— HE MAKES THEM WITH X-ACTO!

**"Most Useful Tool in Model-maker's Workshop," Says Brilliant Young Designer**

Model plane fans know Martin Powell. His original designs have been written up in the leading magazines. His models have been used for display and instruction purposes by Air Youth of America. He's won prizes with everything from elementary "R. O. G.'s" to complex gas models.

Here you see him, working on his newest design. And you notice he's using an X-acto Knife. He says he doesn't see how any modelmaker can get along without an X-acto. He likes its scalpel-keen edge, the variety of interchangeable blade shapes. With X-acto, you can get true accuracy in even the smallest detail. "Most useful tool in a modelmaker's workshop!" That's what this young expert calls X-acto Knives.

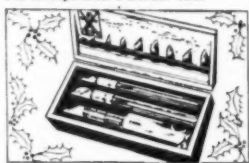


### PARENTS PLEASE NOTE!

As a teacher of craft classes for young children (aged 8 to 12), Mr. Powell found the razor blades they'd been using meant cut fingers and too much

spoilage. "X-acto Knives were the answer to that," he says. "The firm-grip handles permitted the children to carve safely, and turn out better work. That means a lot more fun!"

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## MERRY CHRISTMAS HOBBY NEW YEAR



What's his hobby? Modelmaking, whittling, leathercraft? Is he an artist, photographer, draftsman? X-acto Knives and Knife Chests make a really thrilling gift.



GIVE DAD HIS OWN... Or else he'll be borrowing yours. Doesn't a swell guy like him deserve an X-acto set of his own?



SISTER SUSIE, TOO! Girls like to make things too. Paper dolls or plane models, earrings or lapel gadgets... Sis can make 'em easily with an X-acto.



HINT TO WHITTLE'S MOTHER: Give him the X-acto No. 80 Whittler's Set, with special assortment of blades for plain and fancy whittling. Send 10c for the new 32-page X-acto Whittler's Handbook, full of helpful hints and things to make.



MODELS MAKE FINE GIFTS. Borrow the Bright Idea of Stanley C— of New Rochelle. He makes model planes with his X-acto Knife, to give to his friends for Christmas. And do they make a hit! Yours would too.

## HANDY HELPER'S

JINGLE  
QUIZ No. 4



What comes with alphabets or plain, And sticks where placed with might and main? What gives each file a guiding mark Like lighted street signs after dark?

**Dennison  
INDEX TABS**

At Stationery Departments Everywhere

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END BODY ODOR FEAR  
THIS BETTER WAY

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**CUTICURA  
SOAP & TALCUM**



# Speaking of MOVIES

by PRISCILLA A. SLADE

IF YOU find it hard to hold back your hisses when bad men of the screen go about their skulduggery and put your hero and heroine on the spot, just remember that these same characters may be heroes in real life. The villains of "Bad Bascomb," for instance, are 200 Shoshone and Arapaho Indians who take part in an attack on a Western caravan being led by co-stars Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien. But in real life, 52 of these Indians are returned servicemen, all of whom saw overseas service—and 12 were decorated for bravery over and beyond the call of duty! One of the Indians, an Arapaho, is more used to cheers than hisses—he's a former All-American fullback from Haskell Institute!

★ Almost any kind of an animal fancier will have a treat in "Hold High the Torch," starring Elizabeth Taylor. Several hundred wild animals—the most unusual collection of "actors" ever assembled in Hollywood—perform in this picture. Rounded up, after months of search, by animal trainers in Southern California, the wild life includes a mountain lion, a bobcat, a beaver, a coyote, a raccoon, a silver fox, and deer, frogs, blue jays, herons, magpies, and sheep. Then there's Jimmy, a trained raven, veteran of twelve years in the acting business, who can write his name on a typewriter, unlock a padlock, and bark like a dog; and Pal, a huge black bear, who

made his debut in pictures as a cub eight years ago in "Call of the Yukon." Incidentally, One-Shot, the skunk, who's an experienced actor, didn't get his name the way you might think, but because he was so good that he could do almost any scene in just one camera "take." All the animals in the film were so well trained that it was possible to work with them in the wilderness surrounding Lake Chelan, Washington, without a single one making a bolt for freedom.

★ If you want to skip the routine jobs and head straight for Hollywood, hold your horses! Walter Wanger, who's been producing pictures for some twenty-five years, says that working girls make the best motion-picture actresses. He claims that girls who work in offices, behind counters, and on assembly lines have a head start over their pampered sisters. They can smile even when

they don't feel like it, they can smooth down ruffled feelings, and obey business rules—all of which is some of the finest training in self-control that a prospective actress could get anywhere.

★ If you happened along Wall Street, in New York's famous financial district, a short while ago, you might have seen a platform teetering ten feet out from the twentieth floor of one of the towering buildings. And if your eyes were sharp, you might have seen cameramen shooting scenes of a near-by parapet and of the teeming crowds below. This was done to give an authentic Wall Street background to Harold Lloyd's coming picture, "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," in which he'll lead a lion along a dizzily high ledge in the tried and true Harold Lloyd style!

★ Here's a new angle on your friend Van Johnson—he can even hold his own on the violin! Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo were entertaining the cast of "No Leave, No Love," between scenes recently, when Van picked up Cugie's fiddle and played for fifteen minutes—steadily and well. Orchestra leaders' and onlookers' eyes popped—they hadn't known that Van used to play the first violin back in school!



Joan Carroll with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby in her new picture, "The Bells of St. Mary's," which will be released soon

★ MAYBE you don't believe in the power of prayer, but thirteen year old Joan Carroll most certainly does—and we don't blame her! It all began when Joan—probably the most envied child actress today—was trying out for the juvenile part in "The Bells of St. Mary's." Competition couldn't have been tougher, for every child actress in the business turned out to get what may well be the prize juvenile plum of the year. The reason?

It's because the cast of the picture includes the three Academy Award winners of 1944—Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby, and Leo McCarey as director! Joan was holding her breath and crossing her fingers and hoping beyond hope when a telegram arrived from her brother. In ten well-chosen words it said that he and some friends of his had been praying for her, and they knew she'd get the part. The very next day she was notified that it was hers!

PERHAPS you saw Joan in "Tomorrow the World," with Skippy Homeier, Frederic March, and Betty Field. Up to the time that picture came along, she'd had a hard time getting started on the career that she'd picked when she was a tiny girl. Born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, her family moved to Los Angeles in 1936, where her mother sent her to dancing school and got an agent for her. Joan got a bit part in "The First Baby," and then was cast in two pictures that were never made. Next came small parts in "Primrose Path," "Laddie," and "Anne of Windy Poplars." But when she was borrowed for the Broadway musical, "Panama Hattie," and was the hit of the show—she really got under way.

Joan is a perfectly normal American girl living with her parents and brother in their Beverly Hills home. She takes an avid in-



Bing, who plays the part of a priest in "The Bells of St. Mary's," thinks over a knotty problem that's also bothering Joan

★ terest in her studio work, but at the same time, keeps far ahead of her years in school. She can tell a story and put over the point of a joke better than most adults, and seems likely to inherit her mother's talent at the piano. Like many another famous person, Joan says her favorite reading material is detective stories. And this may sound like one for Ripley, but it's true—she picked her stage name out of a telephone directory!



## Holiday Hostess

(Continued from page 47)

shears. Cut a thin slice of rind from the bottom of each orange cup to make a flat resting place for it to stand on. Save the pulp, sprinkle a little bit of sugar in each shell and put them in the refrigerator.

On the day of the party, combine the orange pulp with diced red apples and small green grapes. Fill the orange shells with this mixture, top each with a maraschino cherry, and they're ready to serve!

### TAFFY PULL IS FUN

If you've never had an old-fashioned taffy pull, you've been missing something. And if you have three or four pals who are interested in making some Christmas candy, here's how to combine a party and get some gift boxes ready at the same time. To be absolutely businesslike, divide the cost or supply of ingredients among you, and do likewise with the finished results—after you've all had generous samples, of course.

Instead of the usual molasses-type taffy, here's a favorite short-cut recipe that calls for chocolate but no sugar. It's magically easy to make and is guaranteed to be always smooth and creamy. The ingredients given are for a basic recipe. For the best results in candy, try making only small quantities, repeating the process until you have made the amount desired. It may take two or three batches, but the results will be worth the time and effort.

2 squares unsweetened chocolate     $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup corn syrup

Melt chocolate in a heavy shallow pan—a deep iron skillet is best. Add the milk and syrup. Cook slowly over low heat, stirring only enough to prevent scorching, until a hard ball forms when tested in cold water. Pour and cool on a buttered platter.

When taffy is cool to the touch, it's ready to pull. Remove your rings and scrub your hands and nails thoroughly, then smear a little butter over the palms of your hands. Now you're ready for the pull. Each "puller" takes a chunk of the cooled confection and pulls until it is smooth and firm. If it starts to get sticky, put more butter on your hands and smooth it down the taffy. Finally, stretch the candy out into a long rope and cut into inch-long pieces with the kitchen scissors. Lay the pieces on waxed paper until they're ready to be packed in gift boxes or served.

After the taffy pull, you may want to serve your friends a bit of refreshment. If it's midafternoon or evening, the cheese tray, and hot tomato bouillon, both mentioned before, will make a hit. Or prepare a festive salad ahead of time to pop on the table when the candy mess is cleared away and every pot and spoon has been washed and put in its place—and just watch the girls dig in.

### SUGARPLUMS

Christmas is the time when visions of sugarplums dance through the heads of young and old, and every party spread

## THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES WHEN ROY IS ON THE BEAM!

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**Schwinn-Built Bicycles**

should include some of these dreamy items. They're simple sweets, easy to make, and good to the last bite. And note well: sugarplums are perfect for packing in Christmas candy boxes.

Main makings are a package of dates, and a half pound each of dried apricots and prunes. Steam the fruit, or soak it in hot water long enough to soften; then remove the pits from the prunes and dates by making a long slit in one side with a sharp-pointed knife.

Into these cavities, and into the center of the apricots, place toothsome bits of filling. These may be walnut or pecan halves, Brazil nuts, marshmallows cut to the desired size, candied or maraschino cherries, bits of citron or candied orange peel, or a little ball of fondant.

After the fillings have been pressed in tightly, roll each piece of fruit in powdered or granulated sugar or shredded coconut. You might also crush a stick of striped peppermint candy until fine, almost like granulated sugar. Roll a few sugarplums in this for a surprise flavor.

### FONDANT FILLING

To make a quick and easy fondant filling for sugarplums, or to use in several other interesting ways, here's a never-fail uncooked recipe:

1½ cups confectioners' or powdered sugar	½ teaspoon melted butter
2 tablespoons hot top milk	¼ teaspoon vanilla or almond extract

Add the sugar gradually to the hot milk, stirring constantly. Blend in the butter and flavoring, and work the mixture with a fork until creamy. With your fingers, shape the fondant into tiny balls about one half to three quarters of an inch in diameter. Put the balls on a flat pan covered with waxed paper, and place them in the refrigerator until ready to use. The fondant has a better flavor if it's made up at least a day before using and allowed to "ripen."

Maybe you'll consider it a case of gilding the lily, but most people go for tutti-frutti fondant balls. For these, measure out a cupful of the regular fondant mixture before it is made into balls. Then add a combined cupful of maraschino cherries, seedless raisins, English walnut meats, and shredded coconut, all finely chopped. This averages about one fourth cup of each of the four ingredients mentioned. If you leave out any of the four, just add enough of the others to make up a full cup of the mixture. Mix this with the fondant and shape into little mounds.

Either the plain fondant or the tutti-frutti type may be rolled in shredded coconut, in ground sweet chocolate, or in the powdered peppermint candy mentioned above. Watch the men in your life—the ones with sweet teeth—line up for these.

### INEXPENSIVE DECORATIONS

Of course you'll have some sort of a Christmas tree, but your party table should carry out the atmosphere of the season, too. Christmas greens in a big bowl, tied with a bright red ribbon or tree tinsel, make a showy centerpiece; or wreath them around

your punch bowl. Varicolored stars of different sizes may be pasted on a crêpe-paper tablecloth.

If you have time, it's fun to make Santa Claus figures for table or mantle decoration. A red apple with a strip of fluffy cotton around the middle makes his body. A wire or pipe cleaner, run through the apple crosswise and wrapped with cotton, makes his arms, with cranberries attached for mittens. He has cotton-wrapped stick legs with gumdrop shoes. (The sticks may be kitchen matches with the heads broken off.) A marshmallow makes Santa's head, with cloves for his eyes and nose. With red crayon, give him rosy cheeks. A sliver of cranberry can form his smiling mouth. Then add a cornucopia-rolled red paper cap, pinned on in the back with half a toothpick!

Apple candleholders are easy to make, but keep them out of reach if there's any danger of them getting tipped over. In the blossom end of each apple make a hole large enough to hold a small red or green candle. Place an apple on a circle of heavy cardboard, at least an inch larger in diameter than the apple. This will catch the candle drippings.

No matter how large the crowd, or what kind of party you plan, the spirit of the occasion is the all-important factor. It must be fun—it must be gay. It's a loving and giving season, and as a holiday hostess you must reflect this feeling whenever you invite friends to your home.

To paraphrase the words of the old English carol, "God rest you gentle hostess, let nothing you dismay."

THE END

## Paper Dolls Plus

(Continued from page 15)

much as they would have paid in the picture department. \$25—for paper dolls-plus!

Her next sale was another paper doll plus—a small horse. Only the store said, please, they'd like it lifesize. Immediately, if not sooner.

So when Ira came home that night there was Cecelia cutting and cutting, with paper all over their living room floor and not a sign nor smell of dinner on the stove.

That was the night Ira Smith joined the business. They made the horse together; they carried it down the street together, under an umbrella, because it was raining.

"Only it wasn't a real business yet," Cecelia says. "It was just me, working like mad all day and Ira helping in the evening. Pretty soon though, Ira left his steady job and we got Irving to join us. We rented the back of a loft for \$20 a month and then we really were an honest-to-goodness business—the firm of Staples-Smith, Inc."

Soon the orders were rolling in, however, and they moved from their heatless loft to a tenement apartment that not only had heat but bugs too, and then they got themselves a real office. Finally, last year—the firm, valued at \$500,000, acquired its lamb fur rugs, its silver chair and turquoise satin sofa.

Meanwhile, because they'd found there weren't mannequins gay and humorous enough to fit into their gay and humorous

(Continued on page 55)

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# **BOOKS**

by **MARJORIE CINTA**

**B**E merry, be merry, I pray you be merry every one." *Anonymous*. Isn't it a wonderful feeling to be able to sing, with old Anon, from a glad heart this Christmas when, to paraphrase hopefully another old carol, "Peace has over all the earth, It's ancient splendors flung."


Perhaps you're stuck for a last-minute gift, or you'd like to throw out a hint or two about books which your family and friends might add to your own Christmas stocking. How about one of these?

#### **Lucy Ellen's Heyday**

 BY FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT. *Farrar & Rinehart*, \$2.00. This will probably come first on your gift list, because it's the book publication of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* serial, *For the Land's Sake*, which you all adored and will want to pass on to your dearest friends. It is also the answer to the plaintive wails of new subscribers, who write that they can't bear it because they missed the serial everyone is still raving about on the letters page.


Lucy Ellen is a charming Southern belle, who proves tougher than she looks when she gives up college to run the family's Tennessee farm, while her father is away recuperating from an illness. She learns that cows, hired men, and the weather are equally unreliable, and that running a farm is no picnic. Things are pretty grim when the barn burns during the auction, with two thirds of the tobacco crop unsold, and her favorite beau is reported missing in action. But you'll revel in the happy ending. If you know Lucy Ellen, there's nothing more to be said, and if you haven't laughed and cried with that engaging young lady, don't waste any time in getting acquainted.

#### **Mary Burke, Fashion Designe**


 BY LOUISE BARNES GALLAGHER. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*, \$2.00. For all of you who sigh for careers in the glamorous realm of fashion, here is more about fashion designer Mary Bray, of "Thrills and Frills." Mary is married to Barry Burke in this story, but he is reported missing in the Pacific and she returns to work for a large New York clothes manufacturing house. Though Mary was a successful fashion designer when she married Barry, she learns a lot in her new job. It seems that in fashion, as in other fields, there is no resting on one's laurels. To be successful one must keep on learning and developing on the job. Each new season, as Mary shows a new line, she acquires

a new perspective on her work; she gives a fashion talk on the radio; acts as master of ceremonies at a fashion show of her models. Hard work seems to make her worry over Barry easier to bear. But it is not all nose-to-the-grindstone, for there are vacations in Maine and Texas, and the list of places at which Mary dines and dances reads like a guide to where to dine in New York. But though it is spiced with fun and frolic, this book by a well-known fashion designer gives a good idea of the various phases of work in the field of fashion—one might be your niche.

#### **Bramble Bush**

 BY MARGUERITE DICKSON. *Thomas Nelson & Sons*, \$2.00. You're sure to enjoy this story of two likable modern girls and the way in which they faced their problems. Mary Elizabeth Clifford thought nothing could be worse than her lot, when all her friends went off to college leaving her behind in the sleepy little town of Dexter. Then she met Ruth Andersen, new girl in town, whose problem was really serious, for Ruth was blind. Ruth's crushed and complete disinterest in everything made Mary Elizabeth angry. From their first meeting the girls told each other some eye-opening plain truths. Mary Elizabeth began to find that life could be vital and interesting even in Dexter, if she made it so, and Ruth, too, found it worth while, even if she couldn't see. It was a wonderful year in which two very human girls with all the faults of selfishness, quick temper, and lack of understanding which plague us all, grew up into happy, well-adjusted young women.

#### **Just Jenifer**

 BY JANET LAMBERT. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, \$2.00. If you think it a chore to take care of your small brother or sister for a day, pity Jenifer Jordan, who was left with eight younger brothers and sisters on her hands while her widowed father was on active duty overseas. Jenifer, warmly human and with a delightful sense of make-believe thoroughly appreciated by her loving charges, had no time for self-pity as she brought up her family on military lines. Her motherly understanding even reached out to help young Lord Cyril Carlington, the nephew of her domineering neighbor, overcome the effects of shock he had suffered when his brother and sister were killed in the London blitz. Cyril could no more resist Jenifer and the rollicking good times at the Jordans than you will be able to do.



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## Crossroads for Penelope

By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON. Longmans, Green and Co., \$2.00. Here's Penny Austin, of "Pattern for Penelope," back again, now two years older and her veterinarian uncle's experienced assistant. As a member of the local committee of Dogs for Defense, Penny takes on the duty of testing the canine candidates. Dog lovers will be especially interested in the material on Dogs for Defense, for the author has spared no pains to make it as accurate as possible. And, as if her work for Dogs for Defense and in the animal hospital is not enough to keep her busy, Penny tries to track down the owner of Queen, the beautiful shepherd dog, left mysteriously in her uncle's office. She has also the problem of Tom, her soldier fiancé who wants her to marry him at once and who becomes jealous of the wounded soldier who assists her in her work for Dogs for Defense. How does it sound to you? Aren't these ingredients for a good story?

## Harvest of the Hudson

By ERICK BERRY. The Macmillan Company, \$2.00. On the death of their parents, Deborah and Sebastian Yates were considered too young to carry on the farm on which generations of their ancestors had lived. Forced to turn the place back to the Van Dieman patroonship, they had to find other ways of earning a living. Deborah went to live at the Manor House as companion to Lancy, the patroon's daughter, while Sebastian, on the patroon's sloop, *Beaver*, found himself unexpectedly carrying cargo to the West Indies. Danger to awe the bravest—storms, wreckers, and pirates—dogged the small river vessel. Meanwhile Deborah and Lancy were having troubles of their own on the track of a thieving overseer at Van Diemanwyck. If you like a good story of adventure, if you would enjoy a colorful and accurate picture of Dutch seventeenth century life in the great patroonships along the Hudson, put this on your list.

## Home to India

By SANTHA RAMA RAU. Harper and Brothers, \$2.50. The author of this book was sixteen when she returned after ten years at school in England to view her native land through the eyes of a modern young westerner. Her family were Brahmins (high-caste intellectual Hindus) and in her grandmother's home was preserved the old-fashioned conservative life that is rapidly passing. Of course, it seemed exotic and unreal to Santha. But she was bent on learning to understand her country, and her lively and very personal account of her travels and contacts is full of interest and humor.

She spent a winter in Delhi and a summer traveling in Kashmir. She talked to illiterate villagers and famous Indian figures such as Tagore and Nehru. And to young people of her own class and generation. You will find this worth while as an account of the growth of a sense of responsibility toward her country in one of your own age group in a distant and far different country, and also for the intimate and unusual picture of India it presents.

THE END

The American Girl 53

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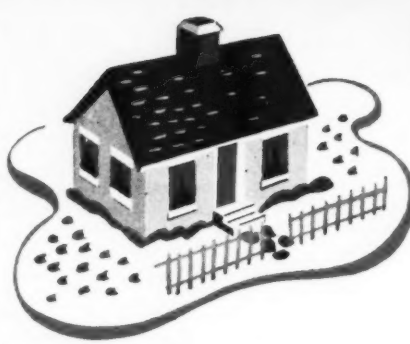
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# AROUND THE HOUSE

by LEE WALKER

**Slip a piece** of cellophane or tissue paper around the heels and toes of your suede shoes before putting on galoshes. This enables the shoe to slide in easier, and protects the nap of the suede at the same time.

**Here's a new** kind of kitchen plant. Fill a bulb dish with small red and white onions, just as you do with narcissus, placing the flat end of the bulb down, and cover them with pebbles. The onions will sprout long, green, tender shoots which take the place of chives in cooking. Even with daily cutting they will continue to grow with little moisture. A very colorful plant, and chock-full of flavor.

**If you have any** prewar wire around the house, you're lucky. Use it to remodel your Christmas tree, if the shape doesn't suit you. Cut bushy branches from the back and underneath, where they don't show, and wire them in at the spots that look bare.

**Unless Santa Claus** brings hope of more sugar, we will have to think up some new holiday goodies this year. Make some Christmas Fruit Balls to help stretch your collection. Grind up uncooked dried dates, figs, raisins, currants, prunes, apricots, and similar fruit in equal amounts. Mix thoroughly and form into balls the size of large marbles. Roll these in powdered sugar and finely chopped nuts. Low in calories and high in flavor.

**Those round** ice-cream cartons that usually get thrown out make excellent parcel-post wrappings for pictures, calendars, or anything of the sort that shouldn't be crushed in the mail. Place the picture around a roll of newspaper and insert the whole thing into the round carton. If your package is long, use two cartons, and have the two closed ends on the outside to prevent slipping.

**A gadget** made from an ordinary tin can will help to conserve soap for washing dishes. Punch holes in the bottom of the can with an ice pick or nail, and while you're at it, put two holes in the top, through which you attach a handle of string. Fill the can with leftover pieces of soap, and when you do the dishes, hang it on the faucet and let the hot water run through. This is also a good way to conserve a new bar of soap.

**It isn't much fun** to use brown sugar which has become so hard that it resembles a brick. To remedy this, put the sugar into a Mason jar, and fasten a small, damp cloth inside the lid (use a strip of Scotch tape or adhesive to hold it in place) before you screw it on tightly. The next day the sugar will be perfectly soft. If you are in a hurry and want to use the sugar right away, heat it in the top of a double boiler for a few minutes to soften it. To prevent hardening in the first place, brown sugar should be stored in a screw-top jar as soon as it comes from the store.

**Don't throw away** Pop's old shirts when they are merely frayed at the neck. Rip off the collar, cuffs, and neckband. Bind these edges with colorful cotton blanket-binding, or peasant braid. Now you have a smock for household chores.

**Keep an emery board** in the kitchen at all times. That's usually the place we all discover a rough spot on that prized fingernail! If it is taken care of immediately, the chances of saving the nail are better.

**While you're stocking** the kitchen to save your glamour, add a can of dime-store talcum for your rubber gloves. Keep it alongside the soap chips as a reminder. Rubber gloves should be washed free of dirt and grease, dried thoroughly, and powdered after each job. This makes them easy to put on the next time, and extends the life of the rubber.

**It's easy to** separate egg whites and yolks if you use a funnel. Be sure the funnel has an outlet big enough to insure the white running down, but small enough to hold the yolk in the top (about a half-inch opening will do). Break one egg at a time.



## Paper Dolls Plus

(Continued from page 51)

window plans, they began making mannequins too. And when they walked through a store and saw an empty space on the wall they went home and drew a design to fill it up and sold it. They designed magazine covers, and note paper, and took a fling at designing furniture, and they made hundreds and hundreds of paper dolls plus in little gilded frames with cellophane coverings.

They have four factories now, and 100 employees, some of whom are sculptors and some of whom are clever young girls.

The girls, teen-age art students, work in the Staples-Smith studios from patterns sketched by Cecelia and drawn up by Irving Sherman—while Ira tells them what to do and how to do it. Some of them "marry the carpenter" and go out and start businesses for themselves; others just get married and make wonderful little cutouts for their children.

Paper dolls plus—noses that look like noses, that stand out from the face. Hair that looks like hair, that curls or puffs. Skirts that pleat, that swing. Different kinds of paper, metallic paper, lace paper—bright warm colors. Gay easy effects.

To tell you how you can make them too we're going to pretend you want to make a picture of a girl decorating a Christmas tree. We suggest you make the girl about seven inches high, and the tree somewhat smaller. This will be large enough for a wall plaque; small enough for a place card.

**FIRST** of all you need a solid cardboard background—any old piece of cardboard will do. You will also need scissors, rubber cement, a razor blade, a table knife, a lace paper doily (or some white paper cut out like lace) and a packet of colored papers, purchasable at any school supply store.

Draw—or find in the advertisements and trace—the girl's figure first on firm paper, and cut it out. This is your pattern. Try to find a girl with a sense of activity—not a straight up and down creature.

Then cut out the cardboard from the pattern. Do the same with the Christmas tree—make first a pattern, then, your cardboard foundation for your paper doll plus.

Now, again using your original figure-pattern, cut out the girl's skin from a pinkish beige paper. Do the whole body, paste it to the cardboard smoothly.

Use the original pattern again to cut out your dress. Use a bright colored paper—say red. Cut the whole doll out of it. Then shorten the sleeves, cut the skirt line, the shoulder line and the neckline. Paste it on. Then put on small cuffs and a collar, leaving the tabs free to curl up slightly at the edges.

Okay, make an apron. Cut a flirty apron from the lace doily. Now fold it, as you would a fan, in alternate folds, but gently. Then paste it just at the waist so that the folds stand out in little flares.

Now for the hair. Take out your black paper and cut out the crown of the hair from the head pattern, but leave a good two inches in length below. Cut this from the bottom upward for an inch and a half in quarter-inch strips. Then, taking each strip separately, pull the flat of the table knife

down the back of the paper, and watch it curl. There are your curls. Paste them down at the crown only.

Your nose is a tall—slightly more than a quarter-inch—triangle of the pinkish beige skin paper. But paste it only at the bridge, between the eyes, so that it fans out below. Then, two dots for the eyes (or draw them on), a red paper mouth (or draw it on), and black shoes, cut from the black paper by tracing the original pattern.

Pencil or ink lines to show the fingernails—a bit of metallic (candy-box) paper for a bracelet.

The tree is equally simple. Green paper for the allover, skinlike covering—but wait, here's a trick. Use your razor blade as if it were a pencil to give your tree branch and leaf lines. Take the razor and score—marking but NOT cutting—the paper on the wrong side with the curling lines of the pine needles—just as if you were drawing them on. Now turn the cutout over. See how the gentle markings give it a three dimensional effect? Paste it carefully on the cardboard, so as not to destroy the shadings.

Now, for decorations for the tree. Here's where your full imagination can come into play—where you can really go to town. Bits

of real Christmas... but very small—can be pasted, as... hanging, from the branches. Real dots of pine needles can give an added effect to the tree. Whitt thread, cautiously coated with paste, can be "strung" in scalloped lines to give a popcorn-hung appearance. Small bits of metallic paper, cut into round, tiny "balls" can serve as ornaments—and, while you're at it—place one in the hand of your girl.

**I F YOU'RE** making a wall plaque, place the tree near the girl where it looks the best and mount both on a piece of white paper. If you can find an old frame, frame the finished picture. If you can't, simply frame it in a wrapping of cellophane paper, (any wrapping counter should have it) pasted down on the back of the paper. A border of Christmas seals will give added style.

If it's place cards you want, make a standard for both the tree and the girl—then alternate them on your table.

On the next picture you make, remember the tricks. The razor scoring device can be employed for the paneling on a door, for pleats in a skirt, for leaf veins—for anything that has a line in it. The curling trick you used on the girl's hair will furl a flag (once

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### The AMERICAN GIRL Index for 1945

The American Girl index for the past year will be printed separately, and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified, as usual, under the ten program fields of Girl Scouting.

Anyone wishing a copy of the index should address the request to The American Girl editorial office, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose 3¢ postage to cover mailing.

down the back, once down the front) or make waving grass, or a swing skirt. The more variety you use in your material, the more effects you can achieve. Cecelia suggests trying wool for hair; gold-dust (hair-dressing counters at the five and ten have it) for gilded effects; real lace or fabric for dresses; bits from an old belt for a paper-doll belt; a piece of a paper clip for a doll necklace—the variety is endless. Cecelia herself loves tulle for cloudy effects, metallic papers for door knobs and dinner bells, and often, when she's finished making something, she adds a few ink lines to lend just a bit more artistry.

In her mannequins, she's used the same tricks. The old store dummy isn't the same when twisted fabric makes her a coronet of braids—or black wool gives her sooty eyelashes.

What you do with your paper dolls plus, depends on your imagination. You've got the method—now, develop your talent. Who knows? You might even make a business of it too.

THE END

### Captain Kit

(Continued from page 37)

ward over her face, she could see the jagged outline of Split Rock sliding by on her right and, maneuvering carefully, she brought the *Kittyken* into the comparative peace of Essex Harbor. Arms trembling with fatigue, she made a landing even Ken would have admired.

ELAINE scrambled out on the dock on her hands and knees. Kit was shocked by her first good look at the girl. Her crisp linen dress, now soaked and bedraggled, dripped on the cement of the dock. Her hair, lank and wet, straggled about her white face, streaked with tears. One look at the unusually immaculate Lily Maid made Kit realize that Mrs. Lester's injury had not frightened her daughter half as much as the second emergency they had faced that day. "And I kept my head," Kit thought, her heart singing. "I brought them safely through one of Champlain's wild storms." There was a rush of feet on the steep graveled roadway, and Ray and Biff came pounding down the dock.

"What the deuce were you women thinking of, to cross the lake in a storm like this?" Ray demanded.

"Mrs. Lester's hurt," said Kit briefly. "We've got to get Dr. Clark right away. She ran a rusty rake through her foot."

"My gosh!" Ray exclaimed in startled sympathy as he glanced toward Mrs. Lester.

"I'll borrow a car from Steve Edwards and get Dr. Clark." Biff volunteered, and rushed off up the hill.

Kit knelt in the bow, supporting Mrs. Lester's head on her shoulder. She still felt the glow of her triumph over wind and waves. Her hazel eyes were sparkling and her damp hair curled about her face.

"Oh, Ray, I've been so frightened," Elaine whispered. "I thought Kit was going to kill us all. You can't imagine how awful it was for poor little me, who can't swim very well."

(Continued on page 58)

# Jokes

## SHAKEN OFF

A hillbilly seeing a motorcycle pass his cabin for the first time, grabbed his rifle. His wife called out, "Did you get the varmint, Zeke?"

"No," he replied, "I didn't kill it, I can still hear it growling. But I sure made it turn that man loose."

Sent by NADINE A. DUGUID, Lusk, Wyoming.

## SAFETY FIRST

BOMB LOADER: That's funny. When I told Ed my nickname he started to run.

BOMBARDIER: What's your nickname?

BOMB LOADER: Butterfingers.

Sent by RUTH TRAGER, Lansing, Michigan.

## FALL GIRL

JOE: Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?

LUCILLE: No.

JOE: Good—then we'll take a trolley.

Sent by BARBARA F. REED, Lowell, Massachusetts.

## YOU NEVER KNOW

BILLY: Mother, I just saw a green snake!

MOTHER: Well leave it alone, it might be as dangerous as a ripe one.

Sent by NANCY KLINE, Aurora, Illinois.

## POINT OF VIEW

"What is the difference," asked the teacher, "between caution and cowardice?"

Johnny, who observed things carefully for so youthful a person, answered: "Caution is when you're afraid, and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."

Sent by ROSE MARIE HERRICK, Lakewood, Ohio.

## NO SIR!

INSTRUCTOR: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?

STUDENT: Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

Sent by MARLENE CLIFFORD, Byron, California.

## UP ON LANGUAGES

BOB: My sister takes up French, German, Italian, English, Russian, and Spanish.

JIM: My, she must be smart.

BOB: Oh, no! She runs an elevator.

Sent by JEANNE BERNSTEIN, Beverly Hills, California.

## DESPERATE

A sign on a café window reads: "Help Wanted, Boy or Girl, Man or Woman, Young or Old, Day or Night, Dead or Alive."

Sent by MARIAN EPSTEIN, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

## A LITTLE OFF

A navigator who was just out of navigation school was on his first flight. He was very nervous and said nothing. At last the captain asked, "Well, where are we?"

After consulting his figures he said, "Captain, tell every man to take off his hat."

"And what for?" asked the captain.

"Because according to my figures we are flying down the aisle of St. John's Cathedral, in New York."

Sent by CORNELIA HOOPER, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

## NO BARGAINS

An old lady stepped up to the ticket window in the railway station and asked, "How much is a one-way ticket to Indianapolis?"

"That's \$2.63, ma'am," replied the ticket seller.

The old lady turned to the little girl with her and said, "I guess we may as well buy our tickets here. I've asked at all these windows now, and they all charge the same price."

Sent by WILMA DIAMOND, Easton, Maryland.

## NERVOUS

A woman launching her first ship was a little nervous. She turned to the shipyard manager standing beside her and said, "How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water?"

Sent by MARIANNE LINCOLN, Syracuse, New York.

## SMALL CHANGE

FIRST COED: Fred's father spent a thousand dollars on his schooling this year.

SECOND COED: And to think all he'll get is a quarterback.

Sent by BOBBIE JEAN ALLEN, Greybull, Wyoming.

**NEW PRIZES:** The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke published on this page. So be sure to send us your funniest jokes, giving your name, your age and your complete address.



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You'll find most folks who like to eat Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets like to give them. Why? Because they know they're good. These tasty tidbits—Horlick's, the Original, malted milk in compact form—fill the bill from morning till night... give quick food energy when you're tired... answer the call of the inner man when you're hungry... satisfy the sweet tooth. So get Horlick's in this handy-candy form—chocolate or natural flavors—and carry your malted milk with you. The carrying sizes are 10c and 25c. The big economical 43c size is grand for home.

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**J. L. HAMMETT COMPANY**  
284 Main St., Cambridge, Mass.

## Captain Kit

(Continued from page 56)

I'm so weak I feel as though I could hardly stand up."

But ignoring Elaine, Ray bent down and patted Kit on the head. "Gee, Bricktop," he said, beaming on her admiringly. "You're a wonder. We were watching through Biff's binoculars. Of course we couldn't see who was in the boat, but sometimes the darn thing disappeared entirely behind a wave of a wave and we held our breath until it came up again. We'd have had a fit if we'd known who was in the boat. I'll say you're a super sailor, Bricktop!"

Dr. Clark came back with Biff and helped install Mrs. Lester comfortably in the back seat of the car, with Elaine beside him in the front. He leaned out toward Kit. "Brave girl," he complimented her. "Thanks to you, Mrs. Lester will be all right, I hope, but delay might have been serious. Believe me, your father will hear from me what a good sailor you are, and how, in time of danger, you keep a cool head on those young shoulders."

Kit beamed at him. Then she grew serious. "My mother—" she began, but Dr. Clark cut her short.

"I'll call Jim Bushey at Long Point and

ask him to drive over and tell your mother you're safe."

When the car had driven off, Kit sat on the dock, limp and relaxed, and let her legs dangle down into the *Kittyken*. She confessed to herself that she felt a little wobbly. She didn't believe she could walk up Essex Hill. But Ray pulled her to her feet. "Come on, Bricktop," he said. "You can't sit around in this north wind in wet clothes, and we can't get back across the lake until the wind dies—probably around sundown. Let's go up to the Edwards', and you can borrow some of Sally's duds while yours dry out." He linked his arm in her's to help her up the hill.

AT THE Edwards, drying her hair in Sally's bedroom after a warm shower and a brisk rubdown, Kit began to feel unusually gay and confident. She was sure that when her father heard the whole story from Dr. Clark and the Lesters, he would realize that she was capable of handling the *Kittyken* in any sort of weather. She began to whistle a perky little tune as she imagined herself in the *Kittyken*, heading where she pleased, independent of Ken.

Would Ray be waiting for her? Certainly at the dock he hadn't paid much attention to Elaine—he'd waited to walk up the hill with her. She used Sally's lipstick, borrowed a ruffy yellow pinafore, and tied a yellow

ribbon through her curls, grinning at the enticing, wholly feminine picture she made in the mirror.

When she came into the living room, Biff and Sally were looking at Sally's latest Dorsey record. Ray, astride a ladder-back chair near the fireplace, was whistling and watching the door. He was beside Kit in two bounds.

"Geeps, Kit, you look sweet," he said, smiling at her. "You've been holding out on me, young lady. I never knew you were a glamour girl. Dance?"

Kit was glad for all the hours she had grudgingly permitted Ken to practice with her. Now she swung smoothly out on the floor with Ray, but they had scarcely circled the room when Sally's brother, Steve, tried to cut in.

"You're smooth, Bricktop," Ray said and whirled her deftly to get her out of Steve's reach.

Kit's heart began that strange fluttering. She noticed how blue Ray's eyes looked in his brown face, and how little wrinkles crinkled the corners as he smiled.

She smiled back and said a little breathlessly, "You're not so bad yourself."

"In fact, Bricktop, we make a mighty handsome couple," Ray said and tweaked one of her curls.

THE END

## GERMAN HITLER STAMPS

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*Because bicycle pumps  
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kept cold!*

YOUR physics book says, "Energy can neither be created nor destroyed by any means known to man." Which is another way of saying that if air gives off heat when it is compressed, it will absorb heat when it expands.

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